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## REVIEWS

*The Monarchical and Constitutional History of the French Revolution*—[*Histoire, &c.*] By Eugene Labaume. Vol. III. Paris, Anselin; London, Bossange & Co.

Or the first and second volumes of this work we have already treated at some length, (*Athenæum*, No. 398). The prospectus announces that the work will extend to twenty-one volumes; and the third, which is now under consideration, advances the history only to the too-celebrated 6th of October, the date of the departure of Louis XVI. and his family from Versailles for Paris. M. Labaume, it may be remembered, is a professed admirer of the classic historians; but it is to be conjectured that if Tacitus is among his favourites, the preference is not yielded on the ground of brevity. This French mode of publishing volumes by the score is a serious evil. It is not merely that life is too short to peruse such long-winded writings,—for the actaries tell us that a man is now worth many more years' purchase than he was a few years back; neither should we complain so much on the account of price; for as the author publishes by detachments, (instalments we "would have said,") a few francs per year are no great matter. But it is a subject meriting inquiry, whether history does not lose in clearness and truth by such excessive extension; and whether the reader, besides the fatigue of never-ending details, does not also encounter the almost certainty of being lost in the labyrinth. As far as facts are concerned, this "ample verge and scope enough" must encourage a tendency to lapse into gossip; and as respects the discussion of mooted points, it must run commentary into dissertation. Another consequence, equally dangerous, is the multiplication of authorities and witnesses, and the consequent reducing to the same level the best testimony and the worst; for, with the majority of readers, the authority which is good enough to be quoted, is good enough to be believed. We have already expressed an apprehension that the author's philosophy does not rise to the elevation of his subject; and the volume before us converts apprehension into certainty. To this cause we are inclined to refer much of the unmeasured verbosity of execution. If brevity be among the causes of obscurity, lengthiness is among its effects; for that which is not conceived clearly, cannot be expressed succinctly; and it is almost a necessary consequence of the overlooking the first causes of events, to be overwhelmed and confounded by the multiplicity of those of a secondary nature. This, indeed, is the master error of most of the annalists of the French Revolution, and more especially of its English historians. With writers of this class, it is Mirabeau who did this, Pitt who did the other; here, it is the king's weakness—there, the queen's intrigues; now it is the selfishness of the aristocracy, and now the crimes of the anarchists, which are made accountable for the successive events as they arise. Now it may be all very true, that these alleged causes did intervene in the phenomena, and determine, to a certain extent, the particular details of the course which events have taken. But such causes were themselves but the necessitated consequences of a cause of a higher order; and to pause upon them is to lose the clue, and to mistake the spirit of the entire transaction. As

far as persons are concerned, this sort of reasoning is eminently unjust: the parties are blamed and made to bear the whole weight of odium for the "untoward" consequences of their actions, when they are merely swayed by a major force,—the force of events; and have acted precisely as other men probably would have done, (maugre all differences of personal character,) if placed in the same circumstances. Of this fault, every page almost in Mons. Labaume's History contains its instance. Thus, in reference to the title of National Assembly, assumed by the deputies of the *tiers-état*, he remarks:—

The historian the most favourable to public liberty, cannot deny that the *tiers-état*, by declaring itself the only National Assembly, and affecting to dispense with the co-operation of the other two orders, overturned the ancient constitution; and in overlooking the utility of a counterpoise in the balance of a representative government, it assumed, from the very commencement, the character of an usurping power. The two first orders became a mere superfluousness; and were nothing without the third: whereas the National Assembly, by means of its new title, drew to itself the whole popular force, and might do what it pleased, without the concurrence of the other order; so that all the violences which followed were but natural consequences.

Such reasoning, to say the least of it, is unmitigated twaddle. What, in effect, was the "ancient constitution" thus overturned?—what the real value of the counterpoise in the balance of a representative government? Are not these high-sounding phrases the expressions of vague and indefinite generalities, which, if they have any positive meaning whatever, receive it from the imagination and prejudices of the reader? Did either the one or the other enter into the speculation of the actors in the great event? What, too, is the meaning of an usurping power? Does the author wish to infer that liberty is never to be sought, but as it may be *octroyée* by a king? The act of the *tiers-état*, in taking on itself the title and functions of a national assembly, was the only act compatible with its own existence and utility. The character of the privileged orders was no secret, their views and objects were notorious, the consequences of their continuing as separate bodies were clear to demonstration; and if blame is to be attributed for events that arose from necessity, the nobles and clergy might as justly be accused of forcing the commons to usurp, as the commons for usurping. The whole question at issue was a struggle for power as a means of existence,—not to be the strongest was to perish; and any child must have seen, that if the deputies of the *tiers-état* did not thus assert their supremacy, they would soon have been the victims of *lettres de cachet*, and the kingdom would inevitably have been committed in a civil war. There is not a sillier or a more mischievous sophism, than to argue in politics from the consequences of any given datum, to a reversed result in connexion with a reversed datum. If anarchy did follow from this decision of the commons, (and that it did so can be true only in a limited and partial sense,) it is sufficiently evident that a like anarchy would have equally followed from the triumph of the privileged orders, though it would have arisen by a different course of events. Little causes are never the parents of great events; and they are deemed to be so only by those who cannot distinguish the occasional and concurrent, from the

primary and the essential.—The notion of the balance of powers and of the analogy of the British constitution, are again brought forward:

Those who foresaw the grave consequences of this bold determination, said to each other with sorrow, not only will the orders, customs, and rights be destroyed, but royalty itself will be abolished. In England, powers at least are balanced; but here, a single chamber, having its passions only for its guides, will precipitate the whole into an abyss.

To sum up the numerous items of folly in this short sentence, would require many pages. Fortunately, time, the great instructor, has done this to our hand; though, unfortunately, the author will not profit by the lesson. The world is now pretty well acquainted with the value of this boasted balance, with the means by which it was maintained, and with the consequences it carried with it. The world, also, is aware of the worth of the orders, customs, and rights, whose overthrow the author regrets. Every tyro in history and morals will demonstrate that the British constitution could not have been established in France at the time; or that, if it could, it would neither have suited the necessities nor met the wishes of the people; and that, wanting the conditions of its own subsistence, it could not, if imported, have continued in operation for a single month.

How idle and deceptive then is this train of reflection! That the king's destruction formed part of a chain of events, of which the independence of the commons was a link, is true; but this link was only one of a series of effects all of them subordinate to the great moving cause—the entire antecedent history of the monarchy. It is impossible to conceive, in looking coolly back on past events, that any imaginable combination would have saved that monarchy. A wise and timely concession, full, frank, and confiding, might, indeed, have done so; an early display of vigour, coupled with a cynical bankruptcy, might have delayed the Revolution for some short period; but, in the universal dissolution of society, the variety and vehemence of conflicting interests and contending passions, either of these courses was clearly a moral impossibility.

A necessary consequence of such false reasoning is the marked injustice which the author indulges towards the memory of Necker, whom he is too much inclined to make the scape-goat of the Revolution. This minister, foreseeing (according to the author) that the usurpation of the Assembly "could not come to good," thought to paralyze the *tiers-état* by making its proposed reforms emanate from the throne, and thus cutting the ground of its popularity with the nation from under its feet. He desired, therefore, that the monarch should, in a royal sitting, himself proclaim the abolition of privileges, the liberty of worship, &c. &c.

Necker's plan was adopted in the king's council, with certain minor modifications; these, indeed, did not extend to essentials;—

Nevertheless (says Labaume,) the minister, dissatisfied, resists, and returns to Versailles. Undoubtedly it must have pained him to see that his propositions were not adopted in their integrity, but he ought, as a wise man and an honest minister, to have submitted to an active co-operation in carrying the plan into execution. In such a crisis should he not have made a slight sacrifice to the best of kings, and to the safety of the monarchy? But the infatuation of his self-love persuaded him that his plan, so modi-

fied, would not produce the good he had designed. Three times the modifications were presented to him, with prayers that he would agree to them. Ever fearful that he had already yielded too much to the aristocracy, he remained inflexible, and, pretending the sickness of his sister-in-law, he retired when his popularity was indispensable to the king, and when he knew that his absence from the royal sitting would be understood by the public as a formal disavowal of the business in hand.

That Necker conceived this scheme "to paralyze the Assembly," is not very likely; it is infinitely more probable that his view was to get rid of the factious opposition of the privileged classes. Necker, if not statesman enough to perceive the futility of such a contrivance, was too honest a man to have adopted it as a trap. He must have conceived his plan in a confidence that his propositions would have been honestly accepted; but the manner in which it was received in the grand council most likely satisfied him that the yielding of the nobility was a mere delusion; and his retirement was at least as probably the result of an unwillingness to join in such a delusion, as an impulse of wounded self-love.

The Court (M. Labaume adds), always blind, instead of being afflicted at the absence of the minister, considered it as a victory, desiring his renewed exile, and flattering itself that the injunctions of the throne would suffice to intimidate the assembly, and that the nation, satisfied with the promise of a reform, would witness the coming closure of the States General with indifference.

Now, if such was the disposition of the aristocracy, it fully justified the minister's conduct. It is not to be conceived that Necker had not penetrated their intentions; and it is but fair to believe that he abandoned a measure, the value of which depended exclusively on the good faith of the parties, simply because he found that element wanting.

The erroneous reasoning in this passage is the more strange, inasmuch as the author refutes himself.

If this declaration (he says), which granted a large part of the reforms demanded by the majority of the *Cahiers*, had been made at the opening of the States, that is, before the animosity which arose between the three orders, it would have been received with a lively gratitude; but now, the majority of the commons and a part of the clergy had declared against the Court. The public, strongly prejudiced against the ancient usages, remarked that in this plan of constitution there were no reunion of orders, no responsibility of ministers. There was no mention either of tithes, feudal rights, &c.—an omission which elicited a noisy approbation from the noblesse. \* \* The employment, also, of the words "I will," "I forbid," "I ordain,"—formule appropriate to the despotic beds of justice,—were displaced in a conciliatory act; \* \* besides, the declaration had been drawn up with such precipitation, that though in Article VII. the King sanctions the deliberation of the three orders in common, on closing the sitting he commanded them to separate.

With such evidence of a temporizing hypothesis in the Court, was it possible for Necker to have given his personal sanction to the measures, or could his conduct in the matter have weighed as a straw against the fierce passions enlisted in the contest?

It is from such unphilosophical and partial views of the passing events, that M. Labaume's narrative derives its leading defects. The author is evidently an honest-minded man, a lover of liberty, though shrinking from the price which it must ever cost among nations corrupted by centuries of despotism. He is, also, a pains-taking collector, who has run up and down, gathering on all sides what he believes to be facts, which he relates with as much good faith as unconscious prejudice will allow. His style, too, is easy, even, and flowing; but, with all this, we suspect that his contributions to history

will be considered as of a very secondary value. The French Revolution is one of those tragedies in which the *dramatis personæ*, hurried on by the whelming tide of events, are as nothing, and in which individual genius and worth struggle in vain with a destiny, the more inexorable because it resides, not in moral, but physical causes. The power of figuring in such epochs resides almost exclusively in the adaptation of the man to the circumstances in which he is placed: they move him; it is not he that directs them.

*Vandeleur, or Animal Magnetism.* 3 vols. Bentley.

THERE is no more prevailing fallacy among young writers, than the mistaking of distortion for originality—than the selection of monsters and prodigies, whether from among human bodies or human souls, as the groundwork of their stories. They forget that it requires a double share of power, and the nicest and most experienced taste, to arrange and combine such strange ingredients with any show of probability. A Victor Hugo, indeed, with the same magical skill that enabled him to give almost a speech, and a life and motion to "the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame," might, if he willed it, produce a story of thrilling and progressive interest which should be circumscribed within the limits of a balloon adventure, or a day in the Thames Tunnel, while a writer less gifted, who should attempt either of these impracticable subjects, would be certain to expose himself to sarcasm and neglect. They forget, too, that so long as the world goes round, there must be always a thousand shades of character and combinations of circumstance which yet remain unexhausted. We would ask them, whose romances are so indefeasibly original as the novels of Miss Austen? and yet she laid her scenes in common-place country towns and country houses—and chose for her actors precisely such people as we meet every hour in every day. We do not invite those whose imaginations instinctively busy themselves with things strange, and forbidden, and mysterious, to come out from within the blue flame of the cauldron, or the loaded air of the charnel-house, and tread the paths of common life, against their will; but we would have the young and healthy-minded refrain from trespassing upon their dearly-bought heritage of monstrous crime, and supernatural presentiment, and inexplicable influences, and labour in the happier and far more varied domain of the commoner passions and enjoyments and aspirations of humanity.

We make the above remarks on the author of 'Vandeleur,' in all kindness, from imagining him to be one of the latter class, whom the desire of finding a new subject has led somewhat astray. His tale, in short, would have been far more interesting, if he had never had recourse to the old quackery of Animal Magnetism as its moving principle. He has thrust this one unnatural incident into the midst of a pleasant, probable story, and, consequently, produced a work of hermaphrodite character—a novel in which the characteristics of the *conventionnaire* and domestic schools are not pleasantly mixed. There are many well-drawn scenes in his first volume; we may instance the grotesque pursuit of the old dry, tame, governess after the old tutor,—the introduction of the hero, and the description of his thoroughly gentlemanly and delicate conduct in the trying adventure with the daughter of his patron Lord Hampton. After these, we were not prepared to find the second lady of Vandeleur's choice unnaturally entrapped by a foreign impostor, and inviting him clandestinely over to England to restore an idiot brother to reason by the employment of magnetism. The termina-

tion, too, of the adventure—the boy's death under the process—and the heroine's falling a prey to the fiend in human form, who persuades her that she was her brother's murderess—bears her off in the confusion caused by his sudden death, and enforces upon her a marriage, in a scene which has an echo in it of some of the terrors of Clarissa Harlowe—struck us with disagreeable surprise. A plot so unnaturally complicated could not but be artificially unwound: the hero and heroine are led to St. Petersburg—the latter throws herself upon the protection of Vandeleur's first love, whose husband is the English Ambassador, and is by her transferred to the household of the Russian Empress. Here we will stop—leaving the *dénouement* still untouched. We would have extracted some passage to prove that we were justified, by the talents of the author of 'Vandeleur,' in bestowing upon him that cheapest of all gifts, good advice; but the best scenes are all too long and too entangled to bear separation from the story. As a whole, it reminds us not a little of the younger Godwin's faulty but powerful novel, 'Transfusion.'

*Travels in Greece and Turkey; being the Second Part of Excursions in the Mediterranean.* By Major Sir Grenville Temple, Bart. 2 vols. Saunders & Otley.

THE Philhellenic mania, which some years ago possessed all Eastern travellers, has completely disappeared; Greece, its independence, its ancient glory, and modern prospects, have lost all their interest: indeed, public feeling seems to have gone into the opposite extreme, the Greeks are now most usually described as objects of scorn rather than sympathy, and the new state of Hellas, from the moment of its establishment, appears to have forfeited all the popularity it enjoyed during its tedious struggle for existence. While the Greeks have thus been falling, their old masters, the Turks, have risen in popular estimation; Mahmoud's reforms, the rapid change of manners in Constantinople, the valour displayed by the raw Moslem levies in the late Russian war, and the ascertained fact of the fall of Adrianople and subsequent submission of the Sultan being the result of treachery, have engaged many former enemies of the Moslem rule to regard with respect, and almost with affection, the ancient enemies of the Christian name. Sir Grenville Temple is not singular in his admiration of the Turks and hatred of the Greeks. Every traveller that has visited the Levant and Archipelago during the last ten years, has returned imbued with similar feelings; but our author is more unqualified than any we have yet seen, both in his praise and censure. We must add, that though his capacity for observation is manifestly great, his opportunities have been exceedingly limited; his excursion was a mere pleasure trip, affording no time for minute inquiries; and we cannot, therefore, place implicit faith in his hasty conclusions respecting national character.

Sir Grenville seems to think that Greece and Turkey are new countries to most readers, because they are not so much frequented by our tourists as Switzerland or Italy; but he forgets that almost every person who visits eastern Europe seems to believe publication a species of moral duty: Athens, Corinth, Constantinople, and the Troad, are better known to the English than London, Southwark, and Lambeth. Juvenal's complaint of the poets in his day, is perfectly applicable to the bulk of travellers in our generation; every classic spot has been explored, until we could draw a map of each sacred place, or a plan of each ruined fane, without requiring the delay of a moment.

Away! we know not our own house so well,  
As Iliad's sacred grove and Vulcan's cell,  
Fast by the *Æolian* rocks.



Our worthy traveller must excuse us from accompanying him, even in so light a yacht as the *Gossamer*, round coasts so frequently traversed; but we will not refuse to listen to some of the anecdotes and sketches with which he tries to beguile the perils of the way.

On the southern Italian coast, a heroine, or monster, was shown to Sir Grenville, whose history has more than once been made the theme of French romance.

"During our ride our companions directed our attention to a female whom they regard as a sort of historical personage, the wife of a famous chief of banditti, and who had herself been deprived of her ears for some irregularity of conduct. One day, while pursued by the French troops, she, together with her husband and their infant, had concealed themselves beneath a bridge; when, just as the soldiers were passing over, the child commenced crying: to prevent its being heard, which would have led to their immediate capture, the brigand caught up his child by the feet and dashed its head to pieces against the stones. The mother never forgave him; and some time after, she was seen approaching a French picket, bearing in her hand, as a peace-offering, his bleeding head, which during his slumbers she had herself cut off."

Malta is described at an unnecessary length; and some remarks are made on the form of its government, from which we must express our total dissent.

"With regard to the manner in which we govern Malta, I shall not pretend to say anything, though I could not avoid observing that our system is too mild and lenient. I am far from advocating harsh and tyrannical measures, but still we should never allow our colonial subjects to imagine that they, and not ourselves, are masters. Man is spoiled by too much indulgence, and is moreover never thankful to the person who exercises it. I have heard that there is a party among the Maltese who would not be sorry to see the island pass under the dominion of the Russians, who, on their part, by bribes and splendid promises, which, of course, would never be fulfilled, endeavour, as much as possible, to increase the number of their friends. A short experience of the *knout* system would soon open the eyes of these gentlemen as to the real merits and advantages of living under the Muscovite crown."

The leniency of the British colonial policy in Malta would be a matter rather difficult to establish. Sir Grenville probably thinks that the local government should punish the complaints made against the financial pressure and commercial restrictions to which the inhabitants are subject as seditious libels, but he should first have inquired the extent of the grounds for dissatisfaction, before he censured the government for not punishing discontent. Our author, however, is a strenuous advocate for the drum-head administration of justice; and, in the case he mentions, of the Greek pirates, we should scarcely object to the use of his favourite policy.

"Cape Malen is, at times, in common with most other parts of Greece, a place of considerable danger, infested as it is by the rascally Greek pirates, who, encouraged by our apathy, exercise their trade of cut-throats and robbers with perfect impunity. Our cruisers, it is true, capture many of them, and send them to Malta to be tried, but when there they are invariably acquitted. I recollect an instance of a noted pirate being three times taken, with the plundered property on board—three times put on his trial—and three times acquitted; and on being set free the last time, he openly talked of re-commencing the same line of business, as it would be, he observed, absurd to abstain from doing that which was in a manner sanctioned and permitted by the great naval powers of Europe. The Americans are the only people who seem to have acquired any correct idea of the Greek character, and knowing it, adopt the proper mode of treating them, by stringing them up at the yard-arm the very instant of their capture; this conduct causes the American flag to be much respected."

Piracy is, indeed, the great stigma on the na-

tional character of the Greeks; and we fear it will not be extirpated until more energetic efforts have been made for its suppression than any that have yet been used. Sir Grenville himself narrowly escaped from a plot laid for his destruction at Tenedos.

"Whilst we were at anchor in company with several other vessels, a boat full of Greeks came alongside, under the pretence of selling us some wine, with which they stated their vessel, which was about half a mile from us, was laden. Their real intentions had, however, a very different object in view, as we afterwards discovered. They had come merely for the purpose of ascertaining our force, preparatory to a meditated attack, but this we fortunately escaped by sailing that evening. The *Asia*, an English merchant vessel, having arrived soon after, took up our ground; and that night it was boarded by sixty armed Greeks, who plundered the ship, wounded the captain, and carried off his wife. These details we afterwards learnt at the Dardanelles, and there is no doubt that our *soi-disant* wine merchants were the culprits."

On his approach to Constantinople, our traveller received many proofs of the rapid abatement of Turkish fanaticism. He landed at one of the forts erected to defend the entrance of the Dardanelles, where a few years ago no Christian could have ventured to appear, and found that bigotry had been driven into the rural districts, the last portions of any country to which reform principles can penetrate.

"In walking through the village, which was always full of soldiers, and where most probably a Christian lady in the dress of her country had never been seen, not the least insult was ever offered to us: on the contrary, many of the soldiers assisted in making purchases, or in showing us different places; but as soon as we got out of the village we found ourselves followed by troops of boys, who shouted at, and abused us, and one day we had a regular engagement with them, for, not content with words, they threw stones and jereeds after us. However, by sending in return a few well-directed paving stones in the midst of their columns, they soon took to flight, uttering the most horrid imprecations and abuse—to express which, the Turkish language is found to be particularly adapted."

Our author speaks generally in favourable terms of the new Turkish troops; he praises their equipment and their discipline, but he is forced to admit, that the commissariat is still as deplorably managed as in the ages of barbarism. We may take as a specimen the mode in which soldiers are billeted:—

"A soldier, on arriving at a town or village, dismounts at the door of any house that suits his fancy, makes the owner furnish him and his horse with what they require, and on departing asks for 'teeth money,' that is to say, a compensation in money for the injury which his teeth may have sustained in devouring the provisions placed before him; the landlord, in presenting the required sum, expresses his hopes that the damage is not such as to prevent the soldier from returning at some future period, and honouring him with another visit. All this passes in the gravest and most serious manner."

The most singular circumstance in the present aspect of Turkey, is the strange blending of ancient savage uses with the refinements of modern civilization. The state of the country is very well personified in one of the functionaries, to whom our author was introduced at the Sultan's court.

"Next entered the Serasker, Hosrew Mehmed Pasha, a jovial and good-looking old man with a beard of snowy whiteness: but, notwithstanding his jovial, good-natured, and *bon enfant* looks, he is said to be very sanguinary and cruel. 'Is it possible,' I asked, 'that so amiable a looking man did really cut off so many heads?' 'Her goon,'—'every day,' was the answer."

Opposition is less to be dreaded by the Sultan in forwarding his plans of reform than apathy. The belief in predestination has rendered the

Turkish population passive to an extent that is scarcely credible. A curious instance of the carelessness resulting from this article of faith, was displayed in the dock-yard of Constantinople:—

"Halil, the present Capudan Pasha, on first coming to office, was looking out for some building in which to establish a forge and an armourer's shop. One was pointed out to him as adapted for the purpose, which, on being opened, was found, much to his surprise, to be quite full of loaded shells and grenades with the fuzes in them, and a great quantity of loose powder scattered about in all directions; this building, (which by-the-by, I think must originally have been a chapel during the Western Empire,) had several open windows. Some considerable fires had lately committed great ravages in its immediate vicinity, yet every day fires were lighted against its walls, either for the pitch cauldrons or for cooking the men's messes, and this system continued for many years without the occurrence of a single accident. How great is Providence."

From the few extracts we have made it will be seen, that Sir Grenville Temple's volumes are not remarkable for novelty or depth of information, but they are written in a light agreeable style, and touch on a variety of interesting topics, sometimes usefully, always pleasantly.

*F. von Raumer's Contributions to Modern History, &c.*

[Second Notice.]

In our former notice we perhaps sufficiently illustrated Raumer's opinion of Elizabeth's feelings and conduct towards the unfortunate rival claimant of her crown; which favourable opinion the Professor, be it observed, had formed upon other grounds—upon the examination of published histories, and of continental MS. documents—had advanced, and argumentatively maintained, in his 'History of Europe,' now in course of publication, prior to his last year's visit to this country. We are, however, tempted to give some two or three more of the old papers that he has now brought forward to substantiate his views, and show, first, how much Elizabeth was blamed for over-lenience by her own ministers; secondly, how little King James's filial sensibility interfered with the severer policy recommended by those ministers. The following letter of Lord Burleigh's was written at an early period of Mary's captivity, and long before the discovery, or even the conception, of the Babington plot.

*Lord Burleigh to the Earl of Leicester,*  
8th Nov. 1572.

If her Majesty will continue her delays in providing for her own surety by just means, given to her by God, she and we all shall vainly call upon God when the calamity shall fall upon us. God send her Majesty strength of spirit to pursue God's cause, her own life; and the lives of millions of good subjects, all which are most manifestly in danger, and that only by her delays; and so, consequently, she shall be the cause of the overthrow of a noble crown and realm, which shall be a prey to all that can invade it. God be merciful to us.

We now turn to King James, and though no lover of that would-be professor of king-craft, will display our impartiality by selecting from Raumer's contributions the statements of French as well as of English diplomatists, or rather, their reports of their conversations with his Scotch majesty. In the year 1583 Robert Bowes was sent to Scotland to induce James to become a party to the treaty then negotiating between Elizabeth and Mary. In a letter dated May 1, Bowes writes to Walsingham that he had stated to King James his mother's conduct, and thus describes his Majesty's views of the subject:—

At the first opening of the matter he appeared

Surely here the words "the preservation of," must have been dropped by the transcriber, in this case evidently a careless one.

to think the same something strange unto him, saying that men, finding themselves defeated, and desperate in their intended plots and purposes, used commonly to direct their course to such second ways as they think may most advance their desires, resorting oftentimes to the medicines that they did most condemn, as he thought his mother had done, and that nothing had moved her more to the same than that she saw how matters were like to proceed betwixt her Majesty and him. \* \* With respect to the 4th article (of the proposed treaty betwixt Elizabeth and Mary) he wished that his mother would not only give over to deal or have any intelligence or trust with the persons and sorts named therein, but also that she would in time turn truly to the true religion, received and authorized in these realms. \* \*

By the sixth he perceived, he said, that his mother was now stirred up to seek to be contained in the same alliance between Elizabeth and James, for her own benefit, and for such purposes as seemed good for herself. \* \*

By the eighth he saw, he said, that his mother would bind and join him with her, for the preservation of her own titles and claims in all things. \* \* By this means he doubted that some prejudice might come to him as well at home as otherwise, finding that she would not only be equal with him in authority and power, but also have the chief place before him, a matter dangerous to his state and title to the crown. \* \* Besides, he noted that sundry obstacles, peradventure, might be found in the person of his mother, that might annoy him no less than herself, in case he should be party with her; for, he said, his mother was known to embrace Papistry, &c.

The French ambassador, Courcelles, according to an extract of his negotiations amongst the Cotton MSS., writes to the French Court on the 4th October 1586:—

\* \* The King answered, he loved his mother as much as nature and duty bound him, but he could not love her conditions; he knows well that she bore him no more good-will than she did to the Queen of England; that he had seen with his own eyes a letter before Fontenay's departure out of Scotland, written unto him, whereby she sent him word that if he (James) would not conform himself to her will, and follow her counsel and advice, that he should content himself with the lordship of Darley, [query Darnley?] which was all that appertained to him by his father. Further, that he had seen other letters of her own hand, confirming her evil will towards him. Besides that, she had oftentimes gone about to make a Regent in Scotland, and to put him beside the crown.

This conversation with the French ambassador took place about the time when the royal mother was about to be tried for her life; and Raumer dismisses the royal son with the following remark:—

Hence it appears that King James was not destitute of natural feelings for his mother; but that he desired only her deliverance from extremity of danger, by no means her liberation. As little would he advance so far in his negotiations, or other measures, as to risk a rupture with Elizabeth.

We must now advert to the question of Mary's participation in the conspiracies that incessantly disturbed so many years of Elizabeth's reign; and we scarcely need add, that our German historian firmly believes the captive Queen to have been the promoter of every plot for the deposal and assassination of the English sovereign that was hatched during her long confinement. He produces many vouchers of her complicity; of which we select a few. The following extract refers to her connexion with the rebellion of the northern earls in 1569:—

Sept. 19, 1570.—Lord Seaton writes to Queen Mary, that the Countess of Northumberland was recommended to him by her; he desires her to consider her case, and that of the Earl of Westmoreland, who have no money, and tells her how it may be had from the Pope. The next day Seaton writes to Roullet that the English rebels were recommended by Queen Mary; and on the 6th of November he tells the Queen that he had borrowed money of a

banker to be given to Westmoreland and Lady Northumberland. While a letter from Queen Mary herself, of the 10th of October, to Lord Seaton, thanks him for his kindness to them, as if it had been done to herself.

But we have no room for minor details, and will proceed at once to the great Babington plot, her alleged share in which was the ground of the sentence of death pronounced and executed upon a sovereign, though deposed, princess. Mary's defence, it is well known, turned upon the plea that the letters from her to Babington, produced, were forgeries; upon which Raumer observes—

That the guarded phraseology, only alluding to the assassination, is more like the real caution of a conspirator than the anxiety of a forger to have sufficient proof.

In proof of her complicity, he brings forward strong, not to say conclusive documents; to wit, the confessions of Mary's two secretaries, Curll and Nau. The first drawn up indeed during Elizabeth's reign, but reproduced and sanctioned by Nau after James's accession, when any proof of these letters having been forged by Elizabeth's ministers would have been rewarded, and accompanied by a corroborative confession of his own. Curll's is as follows, and thus headed in the Harleian MSS.

*Extrait d'une déclaration de Curll, Secrétaire Ecosais de sa Maj<sup>e</sup> écrite et signée de sa main en l'acte du 6<sup>e</sup> jour d'Août, 1587.*

I did receive all her Majesty's letters to the ambassador of Spain, penned with her own hand, and never knew that any other about her but myself was made privy to the particular secrets treated in Sp. [query, Spain or Spanish?] Upon the discovery of all these matters by Babington, Ballard, and these fellows, apprehending their examination and confession, all her Majesty's papers were surprised, and Mr. Nau, Pasquier, and I, brought to London; where, by the Queen of England's Council, having been sundry times examined touching my dealing in these things, they did show me the Queen my mistress's letters to my Lord Paget, Mr. Charles Paget, Sir R. Inglefield, and the Spanish ambassador, all penned in my own hand, which I could not deny, whereby she imparted to them her intention touching the said enterprise, showing manifestly by correspondence, almost in all points, to be the same matter whereof she answered to Babington. Moreover were shown me, the very two letters, written by me in cipher, and the true decipherments of both, in the two alphabets, betwixt her Majesty and him, the counter alphabets whereof were found amongst her papers. The copy of the first of the said letters, written with my own hand, which I could not avoid to acknowledge, as I did, and a true copy of Babington's principal letter to her Majesty, the whole acknowledged by his confession under his own hand. Also, afterwards, the postscript of the said letter of Babington to Mr. Nau, to ask his opinion of one Mr. Pouley; the said P. afterwards acknowledged by Mr. Nau, and that I had answered the same in his name. Nau's answer contained only in effect, that Babington should not trust Pouley, was found written in my own hand amongst the rest of the papers, and sundry letters to and fro, betwixt the conveyers of the packets and me, whereby appeared the receipt of Babington's letters, and the convey of the answer thereof. Upon which so manifest and unrecusable evidence I could not deny in any sort; but it behoved me at length, for most important respects, to confess, as I did, that I deciphered Babington's principal letters to her Majesty, and that I received from Mr. Nau, by her commandment, the answer thereunto, after she had read and perused the same in my presence; which answer I translated into English, and after the perusing thereof by her Majesty, put it in cipher, as it was sent to Babington. In witness whereof, I have subscribed this present in my hand. At London 1587. G. Curll.

This extract is thus attested by Nau. \* \*  
"Je certifie sur mon honneur et ma vie les copies ci-dessus transcrites avoir été par moi prises de mot à mot sur leurs originaux, que je promets et m'oblige

représenter toutes et quantes fois qu'il en sera besoin. Fait à Paris, ce 12 Mars, 1605. NAU."

Nau's confession, of the same date, is too long to extract, even in Raumer's abridgment; but we will give from the latter some of the most weighty and important points. After acknowledging the correspondence with Babington, he says,—

"The main point is, that I in nowise betrayed my royal mistress to Queen Elizabeth or her ministers. This can easily be established by the surviving members of the then English Privy Council. I adjure them by the living God to challenge the King (James I.) to command them to declare the truth, whether, from the instant that I set foot in England to the instant I quitted it, I ever had any secret negotiation, communication, or understanding, with their Queen, or any one else, to the prejudice of my own Queen. They know that, in those troubled times, Elizabeth and the majority of her counsellors rather held me for the greatest enemy, of my condition, that they had in Christendom;—and this they let me feel during my imprisonment. \* \* I can further say, with truth, that queen Elizabeth and her ministers knew me to be so conscientiously and immoveably devoted to my sovereign, that they never ventured to tamper with me, or tempt me to the contrary. \* \* Every one knows that, but for the intervention of the late king (Henry III. of France), I should have been put to death; to him, and to the good lords and friends whom I had about him, I am indebted for my life. At the least, the most favourable opinion pronounced with regard to me in the English Privy Council, was imprisonment for life.

"If I am now questioned how I conceive this plot (Babington's) to have been discovered, my answer is, that I understood from two English noblemen, who had the chief conduct of her majesty's most secret affairs, that an Englishman named Pouley, and an ecclesiastic resident in this town, and implicated in the conspiracy, revealed it to Walsingham, who had fashioned them, and perhaps set them to work. I know that Babington was warned not to trust Pouley; and yet he employed him in the deepest secrets of the whole affair."

Nau alludes to the supposition that some English great man (Leicester or Burleigh) might have got up the whole business to ruin Mary; but if so, he knows nothing about it. \* \*

"I recollect that I was so obstinate as to deny my own handwriting in a draught of a letter, which I had given Curll to translate into English, and which, with his translation, he unwisely left in the queen's cabinet. \* \* I never kept anything of the kind by me—all was lodged for security in the queen's cabinet, and there found. I often pressed the queen to burn these papers, but she was wont to answer 'Nobody would meddle with them.' She could not think that her friends in the English council would suffer such an insult to be offered her."

Nau was thought to have proved himself so faithful a servant, and so good an advocate, of Mary's, that not only her son was satisfied, but her kinsmen of Lorraine patronized him.

We now come to the last act of this tragedy,—for of Mary's execution there really is at this time of day nothing new to be told,—we mean, the extraordinary, and still somewhat mysterious transaction respecting the signature and dispatch of the death warrant. Upon this occasion, likewise, our zealous German Elizabethite is convinced that the English queen was governed by an honest conflict of contending feelings, such as compassion, respect for sovereignty, reluctance to execute the sentence upon a relation, and some apprehension of danger from procrastination; that she signed the warrant as a measure of precaution, in case of urgent need; that Davison concealed her design of merely having it ready; and that her ministers dispatched it without her knowledge, thinking she would hardly be sorry to be thus relieved of the responsibility. He says,—

Herein lies the deep tragedy of this history: that + This majesty must clearly, as Raumer guesses, be Elizabeth, and not Mary.



Mary, despite her penitence, escapes not the sword of judgment; that Elizabeth imperceptibly becomes, from day to day, more unable leniently to disentangle her perplexed and distorted relations with her rival; that whilst she imagines all to be still in her own power, the die slips from her hand, the blow falls without her knowledge, and she herself cannot, posterity will not, efface the blot with which this stain, her otherwise dazzlingly brilliant reign.

We shall insert portions of two of the documents which the historian adduces in support of this opinion; the first is a letter addressed by Lord Burleigh to Elizabeth, whilst he lay under her wrath, real or simulated, for his share in the unauthorized transaction of Mary's execution, which certainly shows that the Lord High Treasurer deemed both her anger real, and Davison a good servant.

*Lord Treasurer Burleigh to Queen Elizabeth.*

Most mighty and gracious Queen, I know not with what manner of words to direct my writing to your Majesty. To utter anything like a Counsellor, as I was wont to do, I find myself debarred by your Majesty's displeasure, declared unto me many ways. To utter anything in my defence, being in your Majesty's displeasure, I doubt, whilst the displeasure lasteth, how to be heard without increase of the same; and so to rest dumb, must needs both increase and continue your Majesty's heavy displeasure, and therewithal my misfortune, far beyond others in the like case, who, coming to your person, may with boldness say that for themselves, which I also might as truly allege for myself.

I hear with grief of mind and body also, that your Majesty doth utter more heavy, hard, bitter, and minatory speeches against me, than almost against any other; and so much the more do they wound me in the very strings of my true heart, as they are commonly and vulgarly reported, although some with compassion of me, knowing my long, painful, and dangerous, unspotted service; but by divers others I think with applause, as malicing me for my true service against your Majesty's sworn enemies. And if any reproach,—yea, if any punishment for me may pleasure your Majesty, and not hinder your Majesty's reputation, which is hardly to be imagined, I do yield thereunto, and do offer unto your Majesty a sacrifice, to satisfy your Majesty's displeasure, or to pleasure any other person, to acquit myself freely from all places of public government and concernment, whereof none can be used by me to your benefit, being in your displeasure. And yet, nevertheless, I shall continue, in a private state, as earnest in continual prayers for your Majesty's safety and my country, as I was ever wont to be in public actions.

I beseech your Majesty pardon me to remember to let you understand my opinion of Mr. Davison. I never perceived by him that your Majesty would have misliked to have had an end of the late capital enemy; and what your Majesty mindeth to him in your displeasure, I hear to my grief; but for a servant in that place, I think it hard to find a like qualified person, when [query, whom?] to reign [query, remain?] in your Majesty's displeasure shall be more your Majesty's loss than his.

The second paper is of considerable length; and even Raumer's abstract of it far exceeds our remaining limits. We must content ourselves with the most material parts of the latter. The Professor says:—

Every possible plea for Mary's execution is stated in a paper, dated March 1587, and probably drawn up by a functionary of Elizabeth's. It says, \* \* Elizabeth signed the death-warrant solely that the notice of it might satisfy her nobility and counsellors, and that the report of her fixed determination might deter those who, in the hope of the Scotch Queen's prolonged life, should attempt anything against her. But the warrant was not to be used without the knowledge of the Queen, or except in case of new dangers, and pressing necessity. \* \* But neither can the Privy Counsellors be blamed for that [receiving the warrant from the Secretary without warning or restriction,] they proceeded to its immediate execution. \* \* Take the worst view of their conduct, it

was a righteous, wise, and honourable purpose, to render irrevocable a resolution, respecting which the kingdom was unanimous. Besides, they appreciated the impending dangers more justly than the Queen, whose heart was full of princely magnanimity; they likewise feared, perhaps needlessly, Elizabeth's vacillations of mind, especially in matters relative to grace and mercy. \* \* It was deemed unfit longer to delay; \* \* impossible to guard Elizabeth's life if Mary were longer spared, if the occasion, of this most horrible of conspiracies, for the punishment of her deadly enemy were neglected.

Raumer's second volume consists of extracts from the despatches of English diplomatists at almost all the courts of Europe, during nearly a third of the last century; but relating chiefly to the throne-revolutions—if we may adopt that expressive German compound—at Petersburg, and to the conduct and intentions of Frederic of Prussia, prior to, and during, the war which gave him Silesia, and the more celebrated Seven Years War. To those who know Herr von Raumer's patriotic, and, in Prussia, royalist zeal, it is needless to add, that his selections are calculated to exalt the Prussian monarch's character. There is some curious matter in the extracts here published; but, as before said, it is absurd to translate back from his German what he has translated from English despatches, and we have no access to the State Paper Office.

*The Public and Private Life of the Ancient Greeks.* By Heinrich Hase, Ph. D. Translated from the German. Murray.

*A Manual of the Political Antiquities of Greece.* By C. F. Hermann. Translated from the German. Oxford: Talboys.

THESE works are proofs of the rapid advance made by continental scholars in developing the true philosophy of history: both direct attention from the facts of revolutions to their causes; they show that the fortunes of nations, as well as individuals, are determined by their habits of thought and action; and they examine with equal industry and skill the principal circumstances that formed or modified those habits in the most important of ancient nations. We trust that both, but more especially the work of Dr. Hase, will be diligently studied by British youth; our schools have too long neglected the subsidiaries—perhaps we might say, the essentials of history; teachers have loaded the memory with facts, instead of storing the mind with principles. Grecian history, especially, has been allowed to remain "a mighty maze" to the young; they have not been taught to investigate the social system of Greece, to trace its national mind, and to see that all the actions recorded are the necessary results of changes in preponderating ideas; and still less have they been taught to appreciate the important share which the Grecian states had in the development of civilization. The study of a nation's mind is necessary to the understanding of its actions—hence the importance of knowing the external and internal circumstances by which that mind was influenced,—classing under the former head geographical position, climate, natural productions, &c.; and under the latter, religion, policy, and the state of domestic relations.

The instinct of civilization was first felt by the human heart in the plains of Asia; but its development required a security which they did not offer. Greece, secured on the north by its mountain chains, and on every other side by the sea, was just such a fortress as humanity required, especially as its interior construction closely resembled that of some old feudal castle. Wall was behind wall, barrier succeeded barrier: its defenders had ever a retreat and asylum open to wait for the opportunities of better times; its

invaders had to face new perils, and encounter fresh difficulties after every victory. The land thus protected was blessed with a clear sky and healthy climate; picturesque seas watered its shores, a vigorous vegetation crowned its fields; the inhabitants were the first of men, both in their bodily and mental organization; their forms were the types of beauty, their personal strength seemed to their Asiatic enemies something marvellous, their imaginations were equally fertile and sublime; finally, their religious creed had a direct tendency to elevate humanity, by showing man that he might become the friend of the gods, while their political institutions fostered the warmest patriotism, by making every individual feel that he was an essential part of the state.

It is only when we take these matters into consideration, that we can understand the importance of the "three glorious days" of Marathon, Salamis, and Platea, when the blighting despotism of Asia was cloven down, never again to raise head in Europe. In all former struggles, nascent civilization had fallen beneath the power of the barbarians. On the banks of the Euphrates and the Tigris, in Syria, in Egypt, even on the fortunate coasts of Asia Minor, at all former epochs, and in every other place, intelligence had sunk beneath brute force; but in the Persian war, for the first time, civilization, aided by the waves, the rocks, the creeds, and the institutions of Greece, won its first triumph, knowledge prevailed over numbers, and mere strength was forced to recognize the supremacy of mind.

Were we permitted, by our space, to enter into a more minute examination of the Grecian character, we should be disposed to dwell very strongly on its extreme attachment to the beauties of external nature: the most popular poets were those who best described sublime and romantic scenery; no allusions were more rapturously applauded in the Athenian theatre than references to the bold and romantic scenery of Attica; the seas and the mountains that fenced the land were regarded with more affection for the sublimity they suggested, than the security they afforded. This taste was shown very strongly in the marked fondness of the Greeks for the feathered creation; almost every bird was consecrated to some god, and had some share of the affection with which the natives of Hellas regarded their divinities. Even those who could not find a patron-god were hallowed by being associated with some pleasing change in the seasons. Thus, at Rhodes, children greeted the Swallow, as herald of the spring, in a little song:—

"Troops of them, carrying about a swallow (χαλκονόστρον), sang this from door to door, and collected provisions in return. It is so descriptive, and affords so many interesting comparisons, that we may allow it a place here.

The Swallow is come!  
The Swallow is come!  
O fair are the seasons, and light  
Are the days, that she brings  
With her dusky wings,  
And her bosom snowy white.  
—And wilt thou not dote  
From the wealth, that is thine,  
The fig and the bowl  
Of rosy wine,  
And the wheat meal, and the basket of cheese,  
And the omelet cake, which is known to please  
The Swallow, that comes to the Rhodian land?  
Say, must we begone with an empty hand,  
Or shall we receive  
The gift that we crave?  
If thou give, it is well;  
But beware, if thou fail,  
Nor hope that we'll leave thee,  
Of all we'll bereave thee.  
We'll bear off the door,  
Or its posts from the floor,  
—Or we'll seize thy young wife who is sitting within,  
Whose form is so airy, so light, and so thin,  
And as lightly, be sure, will we bear her away.  
Then look that thy gift be ample to-day,  
And open the door, open the door,  
To the Swallow open the door!

† The italics are marked in the MS., itself a copy.

No greybeards are we  
To be foil'd in our glee,  
But boys, who will have our will  
This day,  
But boys, who will have our will.\*

Another characteristic of the Greeks has scarcely received all the attention it merits,—they respected an individual only as forming part of the state; the rights of the citizen were scarcely regarded, certainly never when they interfered with the interests of the community at large, and the maintenance of general equality. It is this principle that constitutes the chief difference between ancient and modern free states. The sovereignty of every state, whatever its form, was in its effect despotic,—republican freedom was rather a share in that despotism, than an enjoyment of personal liberty. This idea—that the state was antecedent to the individual—is so strongly urged by Aristotle, that many of his commentators understood him to have asserted that social existence preceded the solitary life of the savage,—an absurdity which needs no refutation; but the mere fact of the philosopher's having stated the principle so strongly, is sufficient proof of the prevalence it obtained. It is easy to see that its application necessarily led to most of the monstrous anomalies that sully the annals of Grecian freedom, and that have supplied materials for invectives against republican governments during nineteen centuries. Strictly speaking, the entire political system of Greece was corporate tyranny; in the democratic states, a numerical majority lorded it with unlimited sway over a minority,—hence, under this form of government, the oppression of the wealthier classes was grievous; they were burdened, as at Athens, with all the exigencies of the state, and every expedient was resorted to that the public coffers, which were, in effect, the privy purse of the populace, should be filled at their expense. In fact, this oppression almost justified the oath of certain oligarchies mentioned by Aristotle, “to plan and work mischief against the Demos to the utmost of one's ability.” It would be easy to trace the pernicious operation of this principle much further, but our purpose is simply to indicate the nature of the light that the volumes before us shed on Grecian history, and we have done this by selecting from Hase the circumstances that most obviously modified physical and social life; and from Hermann, the principle that operated most powerfully in the political system.

*Journal of a Residence in Norway during the Years 1834, 1835, and 1836, &c. &c. By Samuel Laing, Esq.*

[Second Notice.]

In our last notice of Mr. Laing's *Journal* we restricted ourselves to such passages as described the constitution and forms of government of Norway. We will now speak of more familiar things,—the manners and habits of daily life; nor can we do better than follow our author through his volume, noting down whatever may strike us

\* A Correspondent has directed our attention to a similar custom in Ireland. On St. Stephen's day a wren is carried in a holly-bush from door to door, accompanied by troops of children singing doggerel verses, a few of which may serve as a specimen:—

The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,  
On Stephen's day was caught in the furze;  
Although he's little his family's big,  
So we pray, good mistress, you'll give us a drink.  
Now, if you give it of the small,  
It will not agree with our boys at all;  
But if you give it of the best,  
We pray that in heaven your soul may rest.

Chorus: Sing Hobrua brogue a-droileen.

On Christmas-day I turn'd the spit,  
I burn'd my finger, I feel it yet.  
Betwixt my finger and my thumb  
I ate the roast beef and every plum.

The big poker jump'd over the can  
And wanted to fight the dripping pan;  
The dripping pan cock'd up his tail,  
And swore he'd carry us all to jail.

Chorus: Sing Hobrua brogue a-droileen, &c.

as most characteristic and individual, without other connexion than such as his own pages furnish.

Mr. Laing arrived at Gottenburg in the month of July 1834, not with the intention of flying through Norway at balloon speed, but of deliberately acquainting himself with its resources and natural features, and the condition of its people. We stumble upon a trait of national character in one of his very earliest pages. After a week's stay at Gottenburg, Mr. Laing proceeded, of course, to visit the far-famed Falls at Trollhætta, “a village containing nearly a thousand inhabitants, with a large and good inn.”

“A party of actors from the opera-house at Stockholm, unfortunately for us, possessed the best accommodations. These French of the North, as Voltaire calls the Swedes, are as fond of the theatre as the Parisian French. I found the mate of our steam-boat reading ‘Medea on Opera;’ and all the saw-mill population of Trollhætta were opera going people. Our accommodations at this good inn were consequently not of the best; and I found, in bed at least, ten thousand good reasons for getting up long before sunrise.”

A further examination confirmed Mr. Laing in his first favourable impression of the people of Norway, whom he describes as cheerful, prosperous, and fond of gathering household comforts round them. At Clippen, for instance, a suburb of Gottenburg, inhabited by labourers and seafaring men, he observed that—

“The meanest had a wooden floor and good windows, ornamented with the fringe, at least, of window-curtains; and flower-pots, with pinks and other common flowers, well cared for, were in every house.”

Here, again, is another comfortable picture of Levanger, a little country town, in a remote district:—

“The houses are remarkably good and clean. The little parlours, the kitchens, and pantries, would be suitable in an English maritime town; but the streets are unpaved and frightfully dirty. Horses and carriages are so general among the country people, that the comfort of the pedestrian is little attended to, even in considerable towns, such as Dronthim; while all that relates to driving, such as bridges, covered drains, water-courses, is kept in excellent repair, even on unfrequented cross roads.

“The floors of rooms in Norway, and, I believe, in Sweden also, are, at least once a week, strewed over with the green tops of the fir or juniper. On a white well-scoured deal floor, the lively green specks have a pretty effect. The use is the same as that of the yellow sand, with which our house-wives sprinkle their floors. It prevents the mud on the shoes from adhering to and soiling the wood. The gathering and selling these green juniper buds is a sort of trade for poor old people about the towns, just as selling yellow sand is with us. At funerals, the road into the churchyard and to the grave is strewed with these green sprigs.

“In so remote a little town, I was surprised to find two working silversmiths. The small proprietors are fond of possessing plate, as silver spoons, and tankards, or jugs for ale, having the heads or covers, and often the whole, of silver.”

We might quote many passages of description similar to the above; but it will be more to the purpose to take a glimpse of the mode of living in country as well as in town. Mr. Laing located himself for considerable periods of time in more than one part of the country. At Laurgaard, he says,—

“The room I occupy here is detached from the family house of the farm. It consists of four walls, each composed of ten logs roughly squared with the axe, and the edges chipped off, so as to make them octagonal. They are laid one upon the other, with a layer of moss between each, which keeps the interstices quite tight. The logs forming the side walls are notched above and below, and those forming the gable walls so as to correspond; thus the head of each log touches the one below it at the corners, which are as tight and strong as any part of the building. Each log may be twelve inches square;

so that the walls of my apartment are a foot thick, and ten feet high. The sills and sides of the windows and the corners are lined with boards; and in good houses the whole, I understand, is boarded or panelled inside and out: but I am in one of the dwellings of the middle or labouring class. There are three latticed windows in the room, which is eighteen feet square, and sixteen panes of coarse glass in each window. The floor and ceiling are boarded; the former, raised from the earth by a stone wall a foot or two high, according to the level, and rough cast with lime. The roof has a pitch of about two feet; it is closely boarded over on the outside, and the boards there are coated with birch-bark peeled off in large flakes. Above this is laid earth, about three inches deep, retained by a ledge of the same depth along the bottom of the roof. A crop of grass, or of moss, growing on this earth, makes it compact. Many houses are roofed with tiles, and some with slates. The joiner-work in the window-frames, doors, floors, &c., is very rough, and ill finished, but all is wind and water tight. I give this minute description, because one hears so much of the log huts of America, and this is probably their mother country. It is very different, too, from the wooden tenement of the English labourer, which is but the skin of a house, having only the boarding, outside and inside, upon a hollow frame-work, without the solid log in the middle between him and the cold. The cost of such a house, with two rooms below and two above, does not usually exceed fifty dollars, wood and workmanship included. As the wood is on the farm, and any man can do the work, the number of houses about one stead is wonderful: I have counted eighteen. There is a distinct one for everything, so as, in case of fire, not to have all under one roof. The family has a dwelling-house, consisting, on ordinary farms, of three rooms below, one of which is the kitchen, and the same above; and at the end, with a separate entry, there is generally a better room, and one above reserved for strangers. Opposite to this dwelling is another with rooms above, and kitchen below, for the farm-servants and labourers. At a small distance from the family house, raised upon posts to exclude rats, is the sanctum:—the gudewife's store-room and dairy, where the provisions for the year are lodged. It is large and airy, with windows, and with at least two rooms for different objects. The rest of the square, into which the houses are generally arranged for the convenience of winter attendance on cattle, consists of stables, cow-houses, barns for hay and corn, under which are generally the sheds for tools, carts, sledges, a cellar underground for ale, and one of large size with double doors, like our ice-houses, for preserving the potatoes. Everything is under cover, and the spaciousness of the offices surprises one accustomed to our crowded narrow stables and cow-houses. The Norwegians are a well-lodged people, as far as I have seen; the poorest dwelling having good glass windows, separate rooms, and some sort of outbuilding, with conveniences of which I doubt if every house in Scotland can boast. \* \* \*

“I live here on strawberries and milk, and trout, or rather char, being pink, not white like fresh water trout. Fish appears everywhere the basis of a Norwegian repast. Meat, even at the table-d'hôte at Christiania, seemed secondary. The river or lake is regularly resorted to. It is no sport for an Izaak Walton to fish trout here; the mosquitoes would have eaten him alive while he was singing his madrigals. I got so stung in the evening's fishing, at Ellstadt, that I have not yet recovered from the irritation. \* \* \*

“Four meals a day form, I understand, the regular fare in every family; and with two of these meals the labourers have a glass of home-made brandy, distilled from potatoes. It is usual, I understand, to have animal food, such as salt beef, or black puddings, at least twice in the week. I observe also some notion of comfort in the mode of taking their food, which is often wanting in our highland households. The table is set out, the bread is in baskets, and the labourers sit down regularly to their meals. The cooking and preparation of food appears to occupy more labour and time. \* \* \*

“Lien, August 17.—I stopped at a farm-house about the middle of the day, and got for dinner what we call in Scotland lapped milk. Everything was



nice and clean. I observed that the mowers, who appear to be people who go round the country to cut grass, as in some parts of England, had a table regularly covered for them; and their bread was in baskets at Laugaard. These trifles indicate a state of ease, and some attention to comfort among the working class.

"In the evening I reached this single farm-house, and got grass for my pony and quarters for myself; and the mistress gives me the comfortable hope, if I understand her right, of fried fish, which are still in the river, but which the mowers will catch in time for supper."

It is only fair, while we give these pictures of plenty, to point also to the reverse of the medal,—to allude to those seasons of scarcity, when fir-bark ground and baked is used as a succedaneum for bread. We must warn our readers, too, that a well-covered board by no means implies neatness of preparation in the articles wherewith it is spread. Here is the case stated with all its advantages and disadvantages, and fairly brought home to us by a comparison.

"An Englishman, bred in the midst of that peculiar attention to cleanliness and nicety, which, even now, is almost exclusively English, will find much to horrify him in a Norwegian inn; but such gentlemen are scarcely in a situation to judge of the habits of a people. They have been trained in a very nice, cleanly, little world, bounded, perhaps, by the Trent, or, at most, the Angel at Ferrybridge, on the north, and the Ship inn at Dover, on the south. It is scarcely fair to compare the state of manners and habits of all European nations with this standard. He who will travel fairly must eat what is placed before him, and sleep where there is a bed to lie down upon. If his sheets and his food are dirty, a plunge at day-break in the clear burn, and a good digestion, will remedy all. I doubt if a traveller would at present be so well accommodated in our remoter Highlands. The dairy products are all clean; and butter is such that any one may venture on it. Fish, eggs, wild strawberries, and the moltebeer, which will keep for a year, and deserve a place on our housekeepers' shelves better than half of our jams and preserves, are all excellent things, which cooking cannot spoil to the most dainty traveller. There is, doubtless, a scarcity of many articles very important to comfort and cleanliness. Pottery ware, plates, dishes, bowls, are coarse, and not in the abundance we are accustomed to. Knives, forks, spoons, are also on the minimum side of the account as to comfort and nicety. If we will not buy their timber, how can these people buy our pottery and hardware? If the traveller judges fairly, and considers what he actually finds, and the cost and difficulty of bringing together these household articles in a small Norwegian household, he will find much to admire. The sense of comfort, cleanliness, and order in domestic concerns appears to me more generally developed among the working class in this country than in Scotland. The wooden floors and side walls, the abundance of glass windows in the meanest habitations, and the outside store-rooms and accommodations distinct from the dwelling apartments, keep the inmates, especially the females, and their habits of living, in a much more cleanly and orderly state, than it is possible for those of the same class in Scotland to enjoy, with their earthen floors, and roofs, and side walls, their single pane of glass window, and their single room for all ages and sexes, to cook, and eat, and sleep in, and to hold all the clothes and stores of the family."

So much for the mode of life. We shall now extract a few sketches of national manners.

"I like," says he, dating from the little town of Levanger, in the neighbourhood of which he wintered, "the politeness of people towards each other in this country; the pulling off hats or caps when they meet either strangers or friends. The custom is universal: common labourers, fishermen, private soldiers salute each other with a bow, and do not merely touch the hat, but take it off. This is carefully taught to the children, and even the school-boys bow to each other on the streets."

And again:—

"December.—There is something pleasing and picturesque in the primitive old-fashioned household

ways of the Norwegian gentry. The family room is what we may fancy the hall to have been in an English manor house in Queen Elizabeth's days. The floor is sprinkled with fresh bright green leaves, which have a lively effect; everything is clean and shining; an eight-day clock stands in one corner, a cupboard in another; benches and straight-backed wooden chairs ranged around the room; and all the family occupations are going on, and exhibit curious and interesting contrasts of ancient manners, with modern refinement, and even elegance. The carding of wool or flax is going on in one corner; two or three spinning wheels are at work near the stove; and a young lady will get up from these old-fashioned occupations, take her guitar in the window-seat, and play and sing, or gallopade the length of the room with a sister, in a way that shows that these modern accomplishments have been as well taught as the more homely employments. The breakfast is laid out on a tray at one end of this room, which is usually spacious, occupying the breadth of the house, and lighted from both sides. People do not sit down to this meal, which consists of slices of bread and butter, smoked meat, sausages, dried fish, with the family tankard, generally of massive silver, full of ale, and with decanters of French and Norwegian brandy, of which the gentlemen take a glass at this repast. This is the breakfast of old times in England. The coffee is taken by itself an hour or two before, and generally in the bed-room. While the gentlemen are walking about, conversing and taking breakfast, the mistress is going in and out on her family affairs, servants enter for orders, neighbours drop in to hear or tell the news, the children are learning their catechism, or waltzing in the sun beams in their own corner; and the whole is such a lively animated scene, without bustle or confusion, all is so nice and bright, and the manners of people towards each other in family intercourse are so amiable, and with such a strain of good breeding, that the traveller who wishes to be acquainted with the domestic life of the Norwegians will find an hour very agreeable in the family room.

"The good manners of the people to each other are very striking, and extend lower among the ranks of society in the community than in other countries. There seem none so uncultivated or rude, as not to know and observe among themselves the forms of politeness. The brutality, and rough way of talking to and living with each other, characteristic of our lower classes, are not found here. It is going too far for a stranger to say there is no vulgarity; this being partly relative to conventional usages, of which he can know but little: but there is evidently an uncommon equality of manners among all ranks; and the general standard is not low. People have not two sets of manners, as we see in England, among persons even far above the middle class: one set for home use—rude, selfish, and frequently surly; and another set for company—stiff, constrained, too formally polite, and evidently not habitual. The manners here are habitually good, even among the lower ranks."

"Among these usages, exploded now in other countries, that which first strikes the stranger is, that, on getting up from table, each person goes round the whole company, and shakes hands with every one, with the complimentary phrase, 'Tak for mad,'—thanks for the meal; or 'Vel bekomme,'—may it do you good. This form is universal. The infant is taught to make its bow or curtsy to its mother, and say 'Tak for mad.' The husband and wife shake hands, and say 'Tak for mad' to each other. In a large party it has the appearance of a dance around the table, every one going round to pay the compliment. I have observed that it is paid to the smallest child at table, as gravely and ceremoniously as to grown people. In the treatment of children, they seem not to make that difference which we do between the child and the grown-up person; and which divides life often into two parts, little connected with each other. The children seem, from the first, to be treated with consideration and respect, like grown persons. They are not, on that account, little old men and prim little ladies; but are wild, romping, joyous creatures, giving as small annoyance or trouble as children can do. 'Tak for sidste' is another exploded form of politeness, still universal here. It means, 'thanks for the pleasure I had from your company the last time we met.' It is a

compliment of recognition, which it would be extremely rude to neglect. The common people give, tak for sidste, to the Swedish peasants of Jemtland, who have come across the Fjelde, and whom they have certainly not seen since the preceding year's snow; and then possibly only in taking a dram together. A labourer never passes another at work, or at his meal, without a complimentary expression, wishing him luck in his labour, or good from his meal. In addition to these, perhaps not altogether useless, forms, there are the ordinary inquiries after friends at home, and compliments and remembrances sent and received, in due abundance."

We suspect, however, that Mr. Laing is something of a partisan after all. He seems to find good in everything Norwegian; approves the custom of betrothal, which is common, and precedes marriage for one, two, and often several years, as giving the contracting parties time to make rational acquaintance with the tastes, tempers, and habits of each other, before the knot be indissolubly tied. The women of Norway, according to his account, are in general prudent, intelligent, nor unaccomplished; and he defends them very sensibly from the character given to them, by one of the pleasantest of modern travellers, poor Inglis, of being over-addicted to the cares of the pantry, the larder, and the housekeeper's room.

"If we inspect the arrangements in Norway with regard to property, the female sex will be found to have in fact more to do with the real business of life, and with those concerns which require mental exertion and talent, than women of the same class in England."

"The small estates are scattered on the sides of glens, and lakes, and fiords, over a vast extent of country, and are at great distances from towns, or even the nearest country shop. Every article, consequently, that can be required in a twelvemonth must be thought of and provided. The house, like a ship going round the world, must be victualled and provided for a year at once. There is no sending to the next shop for salt, or tea, or sealing wax, or whatever may be wanted, as the next shop is probably forty miles off. It requires no ordinary exertion of judgment to provide out of a small income all that may be required in a family for that period, and not too much. The lieutenant of a ship of war prides himself on doing this for a twelvemonth's cruise; the female who does it for a household, varying from ten to thirty, and with limited means, cannot stand in a low position in society; her mental powers and intelligence cannot be less awakened than those of the female in Britain, who has only to think for the week, and send to the next street for what is wanted when the want occurs." "In the secondary objects of music, dancing, dressing, they are not deficient. They have naturally pleasing voices, and every family in every station, singing and dancing are going on all the winter evening. Music is taught in the country by the organists attached to each parish, and seems, as well as dancing, to be more generally understood and practised than in England or Scotland. In taste and mode of dressing, the best account that can be given is, that they dress so much in our taste, that a traveller from Britain, unless he is a milliner travelling for orders, would not be struck by any peculiarity. In France, Germany, or any other foreign country, the most unobtrusive is struck with something in the arrangement of the hair, in the colours worn, in the kind of taste and style of dress, different from what his eye is used to at home: but a Norwegian lady, young or old, might walk into a room in Scotland or England, without attracting any notice on account of her dress or appearance."

We shall conclude our extracts illustrative of national manners, by a cheerful and inviting sketch of a Christmas party:—

"You are invited by a list carried round by a man on horseback, and, opposite to your name, you put down that you accept, or decline. You are expected about four o'clock, long after dinner, for which twelve or one is the usual hour. The stranger who will take the trouble to come early will be much gratified, for there is nothing on the Continent so pretty as the arrival of a sledge party. The distant jingling of the

bells is heard, before anything can be seen through the dusk and snow; and sound rapidly approaching, is one of the most pleasing impressions on our senses. Then one sledge seems to break as it were through the cloud, and is followed by a train of twenty or thirty, sweeping over the snow. The spirited action of the little horses, with their long manes and tails, the light and elegant form of the sledges appearing on the white ground, the ladies wrapt in their furs and shawls, the gentlemen standing behind driving in their wolf-skin pelisses, the master of the house and the servants at the door with candles, form a scene particularly novel and pleasing. Coffee and tea are handed round to each person on arrival; and the company walk about the room and converse. \* \* After the party is all assembled, the Millem-maaltid, or middle repast, is brought in. This is a tray with slices of bread and butter, anchovies, slices of tongue, of smoked meat, of cheese; and every one helps himself as he walks about. The gentlemen generally take a glass of spirits at this repast, which is a regular meal in every family. The gentlemen then sit down to cards. I have not seen a lady at a card-table. The games usually played are boston, ombre, shervenezel, which seems a complicated sort of piquet, and three-card loo. The stakes are always very small. Those of the elderly gentlemen, who do not play, light their pipes and converse. The younger generally make out a dance, or have singing and music, usually the guitar, with an occasional waltz or galopade, or polka, a national dance much more animated than the waltz. Nor are handsome young officers wanting, in moustaches and gay uniforms, who would not touch tobacco or spirits for the world, and seem to know how to act the agreeable. Punch is handed about very frequently, as it is not customary to drink anything at or after supper. The supper is almost invariably the same. A dish of fish, cut into slices, is passed from one guest to another, and each helps himself. The lady of the house generally walks down behind the company, and sees that each is supplied. After the fish is discussed, the plate is taken away, and one finds a clean plate under it; the knife and fork are wiped by a servant, and the next dishes begin their rounds. They consist always, in this district, of reindeer venison, capercaillie (the male of which is as large as a turkey, the female so remarkably smaller that it passes by a different name, Tiur or Tiddur signifying the male, and Roer the female); also black cock and ptarmigan. These are cut into pieces, laid on a dish, and passed round; and the dish is followed by a succession of sauces or preserved berries, such as the Moltetebeer, which is the Rubus chamomorus of botanists, the Ackerbeer (Rubus arcticus), the Tyttebeer (Vaccinium vitis idæa). These are such very good things that there is no difficulty in acquiring a taste for them. A cake concludes the supper. The lady of the house scarcely sits down to table, but carves, walks about behind the chairs, and attends to the supply of the guests. This is the custom of the country; she would be ill-bred to do otherwise. It is not from want of servants, for every house is full of neat, handy maidens. They approach much more nearly to the nice, quiet, purpose-like English girls, than the Scotch. \* \* All the people seem to be feasting and making merry during these fourteen days of Yule. The country at night seems illuminated by the numerous lights twinkling from the choirs of the peasant proprietors. The Christmas cheer with them is exactly the same as with others; ale, brandy, cakes, venison, game, veal, and pork. The servants have their full share in these festivities. In this farm-house, I observe their table set out as nicely, and with exactly the same provisions, as that of the family, during the whole fourteen days; and in the evenings they sing national songs, and dance. The herdboys is, *ex officio*, the musician on every farm. When he is attending the cattle in summer at the seater or distant hill pastures, he must make a noise occasionally to keep off the wolf; and that of the clarinet is as good as any. It seems the favourite instrument, and is generally played well enough for the servant girls to dance waltzes and gallopades to it. I was surprised to see them dance so well; but in their roomy houses they have, from infancy, constant practice during the winter evenings."

Mr. Lloyd, in his 'Field Sports in the North of Europe,' mentions that "it was an almost

universal custom at Uddeholm," (where he spent his Christmas,) "to expose a sheaf of unthrashed corn, on a pole, in the vicinity of their dwellings, for the poor sparrows and other birds, which at this inclement season of the year must be in a state of starvation. They alleged as the reason for performing this act of beneficence, that all creatures should be made to rejoice on the anniversary of Christ's coming among us mortals."

If these traits may be taken as illustrating the national character of Norway, it is not surprising that, with the temptations it offers to the sportsman and the lover of scenery, a journey through the North of Europe should have recently become so popular among travellers. The pleasantest way of going through the country seems to be in cariole, a little gig, just large enough for one person.

"You pay indeed but one ort, or 9d. sterling, for a horse per Norwegian mile, but the traveller who has any luggage must have two horses. Then there is a fee of eight skillings to the station master for ordering the horses, as much to the two boys who take them back, four for the forbad cart; in short, altogether it is 2s. 4d. per Norwegian, or 4d. per English mile. One may travel all over Europe in the public conveyances at this rate; the living on the road, however, is not very costly. I was charged only ten skillings (4½d.) for dinner; for supper, bed, and breakfast, only one ort, about 1s. 3½d. My fare, to be sure, is not very costly; bread, cheese, and eggs, and, above all, wild strawberries, in the greatest profusion, and so highly flavoured, that it would be a retrograde step in the science of good living, to cultivate them in gardens. I have excellent coffee also, and plenty of milk."

The lover of ruins, however, must not hope to feast his eye in Norway. Mr. Inglis, if we recollect right, told of some old, shapeless, nameless piles of building, upon which he stumbled in lonely parts of the country. Mr. Laing says,—

"I have seen as yet no old building in Norway; no cottage, manor-house, country church, bridge, castle, or other structure of former days. Everything appears to belong to the present generation. Even the commanding points, which in all other European countries present ruins of castles, have never been so occupied here. The partition of property among the children has probably prevented even the nobles allied to the family of the monarch from building these, or any mansions of stone."

The cathedral of Dronthim, the one building of any importance in Norway, is a heavy, uninteresting structure of later days, defaced by being tricked out in a fantastic fashion with blue and white paint. With regard to climate we hear little concerning it, save that it "seems to have a tendency to produce everything in the Albino style. Horses, cattle, even children, appear white varieties of their species." But we must have done, though our list of *notanda* be far from exhausted. Mr. Laing's book tends to raise Norway in our estimation, and we part from him with our best thanks for much varied and valuable information.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'Memoir of William Carey, D.D. late Missionary to Bengal, &c. &c.' by Eustace Carey.—As this book was written for the use of a particular class, and to serve a particular purpose, the end of its writer is of course answered, if that class be satisfied, and if that purpose be served. To the Baptist Missionary Society this biography is doubtless interesting as displaying at full length, the rise and progress of their very flourishing establishments in the East, and the labours of one to whose assiduity the formation of these was mainly owing;—but even the members of that zealous body, we should have thought, would have followed the fortunes of their hero with greater interest, had they been shown the struggles of his early life in wider detail, had they been told how he cultivated himself for his great and self-denying work—how he mastered the disadvantages of an humble origin, and a youth of hard labour. Mr.

Carey, then, we think, has done unwisely in devoting only fifty-two pages to the first twenty-eight years of his brother's valuable life. Here and there in the details of the vicissitudes which befell the missionaries in India, we find a characteristic anecdote or glimpse of national character; but, as a whole, this work is disappointing to the general reader, and we think unnecessarily so.

'Observations collected in England in 1835.—[Observations recueillies, &c.], by M. C. G. Simon.'—In the modest preface prefixed to this work, its author claims for himself less credit than we think is due to him. His 'Observations,' it is true, are less piquant and amusing than the sketches of those who have made men and manners, rather than things, their study; they relate chiefly to modes of travelling—to the mechanism of domestic life—to the principal manufactures of this thriving land of ours. The very minuteness, however, which makes them tedious and superfluous in England, will give them an authority and an interest in France. The second volume is full of valuable information relative to our principal manufactures. In the first, the general reader will find some severe criticisms upon our theatres and exhibitions—an amusing account of a visit to Oxford—and a speculation or two upon the present state of our literature, which are superficial and inexact.

'The English Housekeeper, or Manual of Domestic Economy, &c. &c.' by Anne Cobbett.—Were we to cook our way through the pages of this closely-packed volume—which, after all, would be the fairest method of giving us an opinion of its value—it is probable that our task would hardly be ended in time for us to pronounce our *fat* upon a first edition. We must therefore take the shorter course of judging of the excellence of Miss Cobbett's receipts, directions, and instructions, by the soundness of her general observations. These appear to us so simple, so liberal, and so full of common sense, that we are disposed to put full faith in the details of the volume. Miss Cobbett inherits from her father, not a little of his power of making the most homely subject amusing as well as instructive by straightforward clearness of style.

A pile of small books of poetry has been accumulating upon our table for the last many months. We must, however, reduce it, now or never: for another fortnight will bring a perfumed shower of *Annals* upon us. Our remarks, however, must be comprised in the smallest space possible: the majority of these volumes, indeed, might be as well characterized by one word as by fifty. We shall begin with a book or two, whose characters may be implied from a peep into their prefaces. Mr. Prentiss shall speak for his '*Apology for Lord Byron*.' "I, at least," says he, "if disposed to curry mercy, might in reference to the present composition, brief although it be, well apply to myself the beautiful language of Solomon, and say: "For the corruptible body precesseth down the soul, and the earthly tabernacle weigheth down the mind, that thinketh upon many things." But to tell truth, I have no sort of inclination on any score, to intercede for my muse, whose fledgeling wing, as will be seen, has been glad to profit by whatever random stay she may have met with, in her fluttering, yet daring flight, through an exposed and craggy tract." Surely, any detailed examination of a poem thus heralded would be superfluous. The verse of Mr. Prentiss is, however, of the two, better than his prose.

Mr. John Lake, the next on our list, who presents us with the '*Retired Lieutenant and the Battle of Loncarty*,' two volumes of verse, speaks of himself in strains more confident and high sounding: "If others," says he, "love the thundering of the tempest" (in the *Battle of Loncarty*), "more than the whisper of the Zephyr" (in the *Retired Lieutenant*), "he has plenty of spirit-stirring word to present to them, if they will patiently read on till they come to it." By way of prelude to the whisper and the thunder, he treats us to seventeen pages of violent politics; declares that he will not march along with the march of mind, and denounces political economy as republican extravagance. Enough of Mr. Lake: his poetry is at least equal to his preface.

The next volumes which come before us, promise less, and perform more than the above, and many of them show so many traces of amiable feeling and delicate imagination, that we are sorry we cannot



promise their writers more than an ephemeral success—a summer day's life in their own little circle. These 'Rhymes for the Romantic and Chivalrous,' by D. W. D. belong to the forgotten days of Miss Anna Maria Porter's Metrical Romances, and Mrs. Radcliffe's fanciful but feeble lyrics; but whereas those reached the standard of popularity of the times in which they were composed, these fall somewhat beneath the requisitions of this more fastidious and critical age: the days of ballads, in which smooth versification and sounding words are to stand in the place of feeling, and character, and pathos, are gone, we hope, for ever.

To 'Gasparoni and other Poems,' by James Fulcher Brown, we are bound to extend our longest measure of indulgence; we suspect that it owes its parentage to one of the class, which has the strongest

claims upon our sympathy and gentle usage. We have already fully set forth our feelings with respect to the efforts of uneducated poets, when examining the verses of Mary Hutton, of Sheffield: here too, as in her case, the aspiring spirit is stronger than the power of performance. Some of the songs, however, though defective in execution, have the right spirit in them.

'De Wyrhale; a tale of Dean Forest,' in Five Cantos, by P. J. Ducarel, Esq. is another of those attempts in verse, which it is equally impossible to blame or praise, and rather difficult to read. It is a romantic tale of the days of the York and Lancaster wars, written in the *ottava rima*, (which, in itself, unless the measure be managed with exquisite art, is certain to ensure tediousness), and illustrated with some very pretty wood-cuts.—But we must

pause here for the present, leaving more than half our labour undone.

**List of New Books.**—Congregational Lectures, 4th series (Henderson on Divine Inspiration), 8vo. 12s. cl.—Vandeleur, or Animal Magnetism, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—Hours of Sorrow, 18mo. 3s. cl.—Bridge on Faith, 32mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—The Temple in the Wilderness, a Poem, 12mo. 2s. cl.—Southey's Cowper, Vol. VII. 5s. cl.—Porter on the Progress of the Nation, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.—The Desultory Man, 3 vols. 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—Jereh, a Scene in Pastoral Life, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Lardner's Cyclopædia, (Swainson's Birds, Vol. IV.) 6s. cl.—Shelford's Commutation of Tithe Act, 12mo. 7s. bds.—Junot's Memoirs of Napoleon, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s. cl.—Dusantoy's Sermons, 12mo. 5s. cl.—The Mourner's Solace, fc. 4s. 6d. cl.—Bloxham's Gothic Architecture, new edit. 12mo. 4s. bds.—The Art of Duelling, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Simson's Works, Vol. X. & XI. 10s. cl.—Edward Castleton, by Miss Corner, sq. 1s. 6d. bds.—Jackson's Devotional Year, or Companion to the Liturgy of the Church of England, 18mo. 4s. 6d. cl.

HOURLY METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS for the MARCH EQUINOX, 1836, made at FELDHAUSEN, near WYNBERG, CAPE of GOOD HOPE, by SIR JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL.

Day & hour Astronomically reckoned. (M. T.) 1836.	Barometer corrected for error of Zero.	Temp. of Mercury in Barometer.	External Thermometers.		Actinometer.		Wind.		Estimated quantity of Bluesky.	Terrestrial Radiation Therm.	REMARKS ON THE OBSERVATIONS, WEATHER, &c.
			Dry.	Wet.	Effect of Solar Radiation.	Time of Observation (M. T.)	Direction.	Force.			
Mar. 20. h. m.	Eng. in. dec.	Fahr. ° dec.	Fahr. ° dec.	Fahr. ° dec.	Pts. of Scale	h. m.	Up, current. Under ditto.	Duodec.	dec.	°	
8 0	29.886	68.5									
13 32	29.872	68.5									
17 0	29.872	69.0	62.0	60.8			SW 1	1	0		The morning dull and dark. Slight rain had fallen in the night.
18 30	29.897	69.0	61.6	57.8	0		SSE 2	2	1		No more signs of rain: all things looking brighter, as if about to clear for a south-easter.
19 0	29.902	69.0	62.0	56.8	0		SW 1	1			
20 0	29.922	69.0	64.8	58.3	0		SSE 2	2	1		Clouds high—at least 3600 feet, as neither the Table nor Devil Nountain is touched.
21 0	29.934	69.0	67.0	57.3	0		NW 1	1	0		Ditto ditto.
22 0	29.933	68.5	68.3	58.4	0.10	Gleams.	SSE 1	1	0		
23 0	29.931	68.8	70.0	58.5	0.25	Ditto.	NW 1	1	2		Sun hitherto obscured—now occasional gleams.
Noon, 21 0 0	29.922	68.5	71.1	60.3			N 1	1	3		
1 0	29.922	69.0	71.5	59.5	0.5	Faint gleams.	S 1	1	0		A day of conflicting winds, which (as usual in this locality) settle their differences by conference or contest over the summit of the Table Mountain, especially over its eastern slope, on which this station is situated. State of sky, as to clouds, in consequence never the same for five minutes—now brilliantly clear—now generally obscured; the Actinometer observations could therefore not be prosecuted; and the numbers set down during the 21st are mere estimations of the Solar heat, in occasional gleams, during the subsequent hour, grounded on long experience of the sensations of heat corresponding to different indications of the instrument.
2 0	29.922	68.6	69.0	59.8	15.25	Gleams.	SW 1	1	1		
3 0	29.909	68.5	71.0	59.2	25.30	In a clear moment.	S 1	1	6		
4 15	29.902	68.0	68.2	57.1	30	Estim.	NW 1	1	9		
5 10	29.910	67.3	64.9	56.0	25	Estim.	NW 2	2	9		
6 0	29.918	67.5	63.1	55.8			WNW 2	2	9		
7 0	29.924	67.3	63.3	56.3			SW 1	1	1	62.5	
8 10	29.938	66.8	62.9	55.0			SW 1	1	0	62.2	
9 0	29.938	66.0	61.0	53.1			SW 1	1	0	56.4	
10 7	29.938	66.0	61.3	53.8			SW 1	1	0	60.4	
11 5	29.926	66.0	61.0	53.1			S 1	1	3	58.8	
Midnight 12 0	29.938	68.0	59.1	51.7					0	10	55.3
13 0	29.928	68.0	55.4	49.9					0	10	50.7
14 0	29.928	68.0	58.1	50.9			W 2	2	5	53.9	
15 10	29.923	68.3	58.9	53.1			W 1	1	0	0	
16 0	29.921	68.0	59.2	53.3			W 1	1	0	0	
17 10	29.933	68.0	60.0	54.5			W 1	1	0	0	
18 0	29.944	68.5	60.5	54.8			W 1	1	0	0	
19 0	29.952	67.0	60.7	55.3			W 1	1	0	8	
20 0	29.956	67.0	67.3	58.5			W 1	1	0	9	
21 0	29.957	67.0	72.5	58.1			W 1	1	2	2	
22 0	29.957	67.0	68.6	57.8			W 1	1	5	5	
23 0	29.944	67.0	69.7	57.3			W 2	2	8	8	
Noon, 22 0 0	29.928	67.3	69.7	58.3	31.32	0 26	SSW 1	1	9		
1 0	29.912	67.5	71.5	59.7	27.90	1 14	NW 1	1	8		
2 0	29.896	67.5	71.2	59.0	30.06	2 15	NW 1	1	9		
3 4	29.890	67.3	72.4	58.8	22.40	3 22	NW 1	1	8		
4 0	29.896	67.3	70.0	57.5	24.48	4 29	NW 1	1	9		
5 0	29.907	67.4	67.8	57.8	19.40	4 54	NW 1	1	9	65.7	

These observations are freed from instrumental error, the Zero corrections being all applied. The Barometer is brought to a correspondence with the Royal Society's standard, by application to its readings of the constant correction +0.002; the Thermometer to a standard by Newman (the Dry External Thermometer), which has been found to agree precisely with the standard Thermometer of the Royal Society. The height of the Station of Observation has been ascertained to be (within a foot or two) 115 feet above the floor of the Circle Room in the Royal Observatory, whose presumed elevation above the sea is about 30 feet.—[For the corresponding table of Observations made at the Royal Society, see ATHENÆUM, No. 430.]

## MEDALLIC ENGRAVING.

The idea of employing machinery for the purpose of engraving upon metals is not of very recent origin: as was the case with steam navigation, the principle was recognized many years before it was put into successful practice. In the year 1830, Mons. A. Collas, an able mechanic at Paris, having been commissioned by an engraver at Ghent, to make a ruling machine for him, constructed one for himself, upon a somewhat different principle, with which he made several attempts to execute engravings upon copper, in the style of a pattern which had been published in the *Manuel des Tourneurs* upwards of twenty-four years before. It was not till six months' labour and thought had been bestowed upon it that M. Collas brought his invention to a certain degree of perfection: he produced his first engravings in the spring of 1831. Of the attempts at a similar instrument, made in the United States, we are informed, and believe, that he had seen or heard nothing; but in the year 1833 he chanced to meet at Paris with an old mathematician from Geneva, whose father had, some sixty years before, been employed in executing engravings by machinery upon the cases of gold and silver watches: so that the remotest traces of this art may be dated about the years 1775 to 1780.

It has been ascertained, beyond all doubt, that this invention is not of domestic growth in England. It was in the year 1817 that a die-sinker of the name of Christian Gobrecht, then living at Philadelphia, produced by a machine an engraving upon copper of a medallion head of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, several impressions of which were distributed in that city. Mr. Asa Spencer (now of the firm Draper, Underwood & Co.) took one of Gobrecht's machines with him to London in the year 1819, which was its first introduction into London. This machine was principally designed for ruling straight and waved lines; it was employed in London, and its uses exhibited and explained by Mr. Spencer to several artists. It attracted the particular notice of the late Mr. Turrell, an engineer, and he obtained permission to make a drawing of the machine, for the purpose of having one constructed for his own use. Ten years afterwards, in the year 1829, Mr. Joseph Saxton, an American, born at Huntingdon, in Pennsylvania, who had known Gobrecht, and seen the engraving from the Russian medal, contrived a machine somewhat similar in principle to the one brought to England by Mr. Spencer; in this he first introduced a *diagonal tracer*, for the purpose of correcting some of the defects which existed in the medallion engravings executed by Gobrecht's and Spencer's machines; these had all of them an unpleasant twist upwards, and an evident distortion of the features of the head. In the following year, an idea being started of applying this new method to the engraving of designs for bank notes, Mr. Spencer again bestowed considerable pains upon the improvement of his invention, without any success. Mr. Turrell, who was acquainted both with Spencer and with Saxton, communicated his drawing and his ideas upon the subject to Mr. Bawtry, who then held the situation of engraver to the Bank of England, and it was this gentleman who originally applied to Mr. Lacy to construct a machine of this description for him. Mr. Lacy was then, as Mr. Spencer had been, connected with the establishment of Messrs. Perkins, Bacon, and Petch, bank-note engravers in Fleet Street, and was the person employed, in the year 1832, to execute the engraving from a medal representing the bust of our present King, which appeared in the frontispiece of the 'Keepsake' for 1833. The contracting parties did not come to a satisfactory agreement, and the negotiation was broken off. It was probably at that time that Mr. Bawtry entered into communication with Mr. John Bate, of the Poultry, optician and maker of mathematical instruments to the Board of Admiralty. Mr. Saxton had been introduced to Mr. Bate shortly after his arrival in England, and had, we believe, given to the latter his first notion of such a machine by exhibiting to him an engraving upon glass, executed by it. During the succeeding interval, Mr. Saxton had continued to attempt the improvement of his diagonal tracer, which, though some distortions were manifestly obviated by it, was still utterly unable to give the effect of light and shade when employed to engrave medals of very

bold, or, rather, *steep* relief, and inevitably left blank spots in the engravings. Here the matter rested for awhile.

In the earlier part of the year 1832 the Messrs. Bate having been informed that Mr. Saxton had effected several improvements in his machine, had an interview with him, for the purpose of exchanging their ideas upon the subject. But a natural feeling of jealousy prevented either party from exhibiting to the other his machine; the Messrs. Bate stated, indeed, that they had succeeded in removing the distortions which existed in their earlier productions;—Mr. Saxton, on the other hand, referred to his own invention, and declared himself capable of executing by his machine as much as they could do by theirs; finally agreeing to satisfy them of the truth of his assertions, by putting into their hands an engraving, in which all distortions should be avoided. This engraving was a head of Franklin, with a bust of Minerva copied from a gem or cameo. Upon examining it the Messrs. Bate, however, seemed to think that some distortions, though slight ones, still remained. It was then proposed that both parties should execute an engraving from a gem representing the head of Ariadne, an impression of which, in wax, Mr. Bate, junior, undertook to send to Mr. Saxton. But here the matter ended—the wax impression was never sent, and two months afterwards Mr. Saxton was informed that Mr. Bate had taken out a patent for an improved machine, particularly specifying the introduction of the diagonal tracer, which happened to be the same as his own. Mr. Saxton, disgusted with the turn which matters had taken, turned his attention to other mechanical inventions, and subsequently sold his machine to Mr. W. Trevillian, in whose hands it now remains. From that period nothing was done in the way of engraving from medals, and no step taken, either by Mr. Bate himself, or his friends, to bring his invention before the public; the invention, as it were, remained dormant in England.

It was towards the close of the year 1832 that M. Collas sold his patent to a few gentlemen, who, with the aid, and under the direction of some of the first French painters, sculptors, and engravers, united themselves in a company, under the firm Lachevardiere & Co. It is to the enterprising spirit of these gentlemen that we are indebted for the 'Trésor Numismatique et de Glyptique,' (see *Athenæum*, No. 388, p. 261.) which has now reached the extent of 600 plates of medals, bas-reliefs, &c. representing upwards of 5000 subjects. This work has been widely circulated in France and throughout the continent: most of its plates, for beauty of effect and artist-like execution, leave the eye nothing to desire. It is needless to remind our readers, that the French company, just mentioned, has for some months been actively bestirring itself for the purpose of applying the invention of M. Collas to the illustration of our medallion history; and that a petition for the assistance and patronage of government to such a national work was laid before a Committee of the House of Commons during the recent session. These efforts have been met by a determined opposition on the part of certain of our native artists, who have attempted to quench the scheme, by bringing forward Mr. Bate's almost forgotten invention, in proof that the ground was pre-occupied, and by denouncing the French engravings as false, distorted, and mathematically inaccurate. In answer to the first plea, it is enough to state the fact, that nothing was done by Mr. Bate in the way of making his invention popular—no plan thought of, of applying it to a grand national undertaking—till the French company, with a superb work to point to as a specimen of *what their machine had effected*, laid their proposals and petition before Parliament. The second argument, a charge of mechanical inaccuracy brought against the French engravings, will be disposed of with equal ease, though not quite so briefly.

It will be admitted, without hesitation, that the best representation of any subject, as a work of art, is the one which shall convey the most faithful and pleasing impression of its general effect; that, as the said representation is to be judged of by a pair of eyes, and not by a pair of compasses, there are cases wherein the latter may *prove* a mathematical incorrectness, which the former will not acknowledge,

and which, therefore, in no respect, impairs the merit of the copy. In examining a medal, if it be laid flat upon a table, all the effects of light and shade will disappear, and its bold outlines only strike the eye; whereas, if it be taken up in the hand, the relief becomes apparent, and the design is set off with the powerful aid of *chiaro-scuro*. The professed medallist may possibly prefer the first mode, as the best means of obtaining the exact proportions of the work before him; the general amateur and artist will assuredly give preference to the medal as seen in relief, being the more characteristic and pleasing aspect. It is to the faithful rendering of the latter effect, that the attention of the French engravers has principally been directed, at the necessary expense, in some cases, of geometrical exactness. A complaint, therefore, has been raised against their works, as unfaithful—they have been proved guilty of incorrectness, by the compasses, and the harsh word "distortion" has been liberally applied to them. But we are persuaded, that the weight of the objection is merely in the harshness of the word: the result of a careful examination of many specimens laid before us, has convinced us that there is no defect in the works executed by the French machine; there may, indeed, be occasional deficiency, inasmuch as, while the machine cannot give anything but what is on the medal, it may not, in every instance, give all that is there. Granting, then, that the general effect of the medal, when held in the hand, (that is, when seen in *chiaro-scuro*), be faithfully and artistically rendered by the French machine, it is fruitless to reason about an imperfection, of which the compasses, and not the eye, are sensible. It should further be insisted upon, that this "incorrectness" with which the works of the French machine have been charged, is not necessary to it, but has been merely sanctioned for the sake of effect by the presiding artists, on the principles just laid down. Besides other engravings of geometrical exactness already produced, a plate is in preparation containing the Soane medal, the head of Henry the Fourth, the Ariadne, and other subjects, by which the proprietors are prepared to prove that the style of execution which they have adopted has been a matter of choice, and not enforced upon them by any defect in the machine.

The universal approbation given to the engravings of the 'Trésor' by the artists and amateurs of the continent, who do not undervalue scrupulousness of outline and precision of drawing, may be quoted in support of the line of argument we have adopted: we may also, in confirmation, select a few passages from the evidence given before the Committee of the House of Commons upon the subject. Sir Francis Chantrey, when asked whether the mathematical inaccuracy objected to, "produced an idea of distortion or any disagreeable effect to the eye," answered that "it never produced any disagreeable effect to his eye, nor was he aware of it till it was pointed out to him;" and, therefore, he considered it of no very essential importance, and expressed his unqualified satisfaction in the engravings produced by the French machine. Mr. Hawkins, of the British Museum, when asked a similar question, gave a similar answer; he said that "a deviation, which is not visible to the eye, is not to be considered as a distortion"; and pronounced M. Collas's method as "giving the best idea of the medal of any method he had seen." Mr. Pistrucci, of the Mint, when examined before the Committee as to the merits of the French and English machines, gave it as his opinion, "that both are very clever, but each of them is deficient in that which makes the chief merit of the other: the French machine is beautiful and admirable for effect, and gives a correct idea of the work; but in a perspective view, or what I may call more appropriately foreshortening, it does not give the objects precisely as we see them, when we look at the centre of a real medal, but in *chiaro-scuro*, and with much effect. The English one gives it straight as far as I can judge: but I cannot say that it is mathematically correct with the original, not having had the original medal before me to compare it with; and it is possible that there may be a difference in the height, though not in the breadth of the objects rendered; but the engraving is flat and hard, with little or no effect."

We think that the above will suffice to convince our readers that the objections raised against the en-



gravings produced by M. Collas's machine, are frivolous and futile. It is needless for us to repeat once again our opinions with respect to the feasibility and interest of the national work proposed: and if those who have any doubts on the subject, will examine the magnificent engravings of the portrait of Louis Philippe, and the one from the bas-relief of the Canterbury Pilgrimage, we think they will be, like ourselves, fully satisfied that such a work could not be in better hands than those of M. Collas and his enterprising coadjutors. We have now only to describe the specimens in the accompanying plate, given as a Supplement to the present Number.

- No. 1. Innocence prostrating herself before Justice, and entreating her protection; Violence is represented by a warrior holding a naked sword.—*Savage.*
2. Part of the Phrygian Frieze.
3. Cupid and Psyche; from a cameo by Louis Pikler, after a bas-relief by Thorwaldsen.
4. Vulcan forging the shafts of Cupid; from a cameo by Pikler, after a picture by Raffael Mengs.
5. Antigone and Ismena before the Temple of the Furies, urging Oedipus to return to Thebes; from a cameo in onyx by Louis Pikler.
6. The Heads of Augustus and Livia; from an ancient cameo in sardonyx.
7. Hercules stifling the Nemean Lion; from a sculpture in bronze of the 15th century.

#### MADAME MALIBRAN DE BÉRIOT.

Few deaths, among those personally strangers to us, have saddened us more deeply than the one we are here called upon to record. We are apt, in the prodigality of admiration, to invest the orator, the poet, the artist, with a charmed life; and are therefore, startled as from a dream, when one who has lately ruled us by the brilliant spell of Genius, is called away in the prime of hope and triumph, to share in the common lot.

But, independently of the usual regret which the summons of one so young, so full of the pride of life, as the subject of our notice must excite, her death is peculiarly melancholy, as having called her hence when, as it were, she was but on the threshold of happy years of domestic life. Madame Malibran was born, we are told, in the beginning of the year 1809. Her youth was one of unceasing study and harsh constraint. Her father, the once famous singer, Garcia, and the best singing-master in Europe, compelled her to conquer a voice by no means of the finest natural quality, and to acquire a theoretical as well as a practical knowledge of music, with a violence to which it is painful to advert; and the audiences who have smiled at and applauded the brilliant displays of vocal power in which she revelled with unexampled profusion, little guessed how dearly such an union of skill and facility had been acquired. A similar education would have stifled or destroyed one of a less buoyant spirit; but Maria Garcia was sustained through it by a temperament of singular energy and vivacity,—perhaps by the consciousness that she possessed those gifts yet more precious than her impressive and penetrating voice, or her striking Spanish features, which were one day to make her the wonder and delight of all Europe. We have heard that in her childhood she showed no remarkable evidences of talent; but the circumstance of her profiting by and surviving such severe discipline, was no insignificant earnest of future greatness.

Mademoiselle Garcia made her first appearance on the stage as one of that unhappy troop—the chorus of the Italian Opera in London. It was in the year 1825, and, therefore, at the early age of sixteen, that she made her *début* as *prima donna* on the same boards, in 'Il Barbiere.' "Her extreme youth," says Lord Mount Edgcumbe, in his pleasant Musical Reminiscences, "her prettiness, her pleasing voice, and sprightly easy action, gained her general favour." This agreeable impression was confirmed by her performance in 'Il Crociato,' which was brought out by Velluti, at the latter end of the same season. Subsequently she appeared, with an increased credit to herself, at the York Festival,—one of the youngest singers who ever occupied so prominent a post on a similar occasion. But it was not till her return from America (whither she had accompanied her father

as *prima donna* of his Opera company), that her extraordinary powers made themselves fully manifest. We have heard, indeed, that so cold was her performance of the character of *Desdemona*, when she first rehearsed the part at New York, that her father threatened to stab her in good earnest unless she threw more energy into the character. The threat proved effectual; for assuredly her fault in her recent personifications of "the gentle Lady married to the Moor," was one of redundancy, and not of restraint.

It was during this sojourn in America that the ill-starred marriage with M. Malibran was contracted. The history of this connexion, and its sequel, are too familiar with the public to require being here dwelt upon. In the year 1828, Madame Malibran appeared at Paris, we believe, in the opera of 'Semiramide.' It would not be easy to describe the sensation thenceforth caused by her performances throughout Europe, or to enumerate the tributes paid to her wherever she went—from the first garlands wherewith she was crowned at Paris, to the royal honours with which she was only the other day received by the guard in attendance at the theatre where she was performing. For the last eight years our journals have been filled with tales of her successes and triumphs—in one year gained at Milan, where the plaudits were so reiterated and tumultuous as absolutely to endanger the stability of the far-famed La Scala;—in others, won under our own eyes, upon the well-acquainted boards of Drury Lane, to which she introduced a refinement of musical cultivation, a passionate but appropriate energy of action hitherto strangers to English opera.

We are not about to offer any cold or detailed criticism upon the merits of Madame Malibran as a singer or an actress; but a hasty word or two may be permitted to us. In both characters she was distinguished above all her contemporaries by versatility of power and liveliness of conception. She could play with music of every possible style, school, and century. We have heard her, on the same evening, sing in five different languages, giving with equal truth and character the intense and passionate *scena* from 'Der Freischütz,' and those sprightly and charming Provençal airs, many of which were composed by herself. The extensive compass of her voice enabled her to command the whole range of songs which is usually divided between the *contralto* and the *soprano*. She was, it is true, often hurried away by the tameless vivacity of her spirits into flights and cadences which were more eccentric than beautiful; we have heard her, in the very wantonness of consummate power, rival the unvoiced *arpeggi* of De Bériot's violin, and execute the most sudden shakes and divisions upon those highest and deepest notes of the voice which less perfectly trained singers approach warily and with preparation. But those know little of the dignity Madame Malibran could assume, or of the unexaggerated expression which she could throw into music, even the plainest and least fantastic, who are not familiar with her Oratorio performances;—with the earnest pathos of her *scena* 'Deh parlale' (Cimarosa's noblest song); with the calm and holy sweetness of her *Pastorale* from the Messiah, 'He shall feed his flock,'—or, in a strain loftier than these, with her delivery of that most magnificent of recitatives, 'Sing ye unto the Lord,' from 'Israel in Egypt.' In this last she so completely identified herself with the spirit of the scene, that no painter of 'Miriam the Prophetess' ever dreamed of face, form, or attitude more appropriate—more instinct with sublime triumph than hers at that moment!

The acting of Madame Malibran was marked by the same characteristics as her singing—it was always coloured, at times *over-coloured*, by the spirit which sustained her for awhile through a career of unexampled exertion and excitement. If in no entire performance she ever equalled the sibylline grandeur of Pasta, or the intense pathos of Schroeder, she had her moments of inspiration when she electrified her listeners by outbursts so brilliantly passionate as to make all her compeers forgotten. Her performance of *Norma* has been described to us as beyond all praise; her *Fidelio* was the best character in which she appeared in England. The concentrated and piercing agony of her speaking voice in the grave scene of that delicious opera is at our heart as we

write;—in the part of *Fidelio*, too, her action was not carried to the excess which, in other dramas, at times almost seemed to threaten life or reason. In the opera *buffa*,—as *Zerlina*, *Rosina*, *Cenerentola*, *Fidalma*, (which last, be it remembered, she performed in London to the Carolina and Lisetta of the Sontags,) her vivacity had no bounds; her *smorfie*, too, had the charm and the fault of caprices struck out in the humour of the moment. In short, upon the stage, though she was often extravagant, she was always *ricetting*; and few among her audiences could go home and sit in cool judgment upon one who, while she was before them, carried them, as she pleased, to the extremes of grave or gay.

The woman was, one with the musician and the actress.—The personal fatigue through which Madame Malibran's high spirit bore her was prodigious. She has been known to undergo the wear and tear of a five hours' rehearsal—with a song at some morning concert between its pauses—and then again in the evening, half an hour after having gone through one of her exhausting parts, to be found as energetic and animated as ever, at the Philharmonic or Antient Concert. And this again she would leave for some private party, where, after singing with a freshness surprisingly little impaired, she would wind up her day's exertions, perhaps, by dancing the Tarantella. She was the delight of all her intimate friends, for the many gifts she possessed, besides those which made her so professionally eminent. Her observation was keen, her humour quaint and inexhaustible; and her fund of anecdote various and always at command. She was skilful with the pencil—some of her sketches are full of genius and character. Her love of her art was intense and consuming; and the circumstance should never be forgotten, (either as honourable to her memory, or as a warning to too exacting audiences,) that her illness was exacerbated by her dragging herself into the Manchester orchestra to fulfil her engagements, rather than subject herself to the imputation of feigned indisposition: and that she exerted herself to comply with the fatal demands of a delighted audience, when the hand of death was upon her!

It is difficult to write calmly of these things—and the thousand recollections that crowd upon us, warn us to stop, lest we pass our wonted boundaries. It is enough to say, that, in the lyric drama of Europe, she who has died has left no peer behind her!

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

We have looked over some of the periodicals of the month, whose number is, on the present occasion, swelled by the *Quarterly* and *Westminster Reviews*. The latter claim precedence in our notice, though the articles they contain be, for the most part, devoted to such substantial subjects; and these are treated so elaborately, that we do not profess to do more than enumerate their contents. The *Quarterly*, as usual, is various and interesting;—the first article is upon Lieut. Smyth's, and Mr. Low's, and Mr. Maw's Travels across the Andes and down the Amazon. We have next a valuable paper on Dr. Tschirner's Fall of Heathenism, and M. Beugnot's 'Histoire de la Destruction du Paganisme en Occident.' Mr. Pritchard's treatise 'On the Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations' furnishes the subject-matter of a third article. The other grave essays are upon M. Tocqueville's 'Démocratie en Amérique,' on Mr. Combe's Outlines of Phrenology, and Dr. Latham's lectures on subjects connected with Clinical Medicine; with a review of the late Parliamentary session to close the number. The lighter papers comprise a defence of the Aristocracy *versus* the authoress of 'Tales of the Woods and Fields,'—a notice of 'Schloss Hainfeld,' in which Captain Hall is very tenderly warned that some may esteem his book too personal,—a review of the 'Mountain Decameron,'—and a pleasant compliment to the 'Glances at Life' of Mr. Webb, who, it seems, has for many years been reader of the proofs of the Review. The *Westminster* has hardly so attractive a bill of fare as the above. The papers which will most attract the general reader are the elaborate article upon the personal history of Shakespeare; another upon the Cape of Good Hope; a third, very pleasantly written on Mr. Cooper's recent continental journals, and a fourth, on the War in Spain. The

paper on 'The Factories' appears, as far as a passing glance enables us to judge, to be carefully written, and to contain as many facts as reasons. To speak now of the monthly *Magazines*—*Blackwood* has a fine but unequal poem by Caroline Bowles, somewhat after the darker manner of Crabbe—a continuation of the sketches of Alcibiades, which is hardly so glowing as its predecessors, and some excellent translations from the Greek Anthology, of Hay. *Tait* bears more of the character of a general review, and less of a political journal, than is usual with him—the 'Aristocrat's Wife' is a pathetic tale; and the 'Literary Remains of Carl von Knebel,' an interesting article upon an interesting book. The present number of *Fraser* is a very good one—Father Prout contributing his usual quota of scholarship, and Bombardino a thousand pleasant things concerning manners, habits, and fashions. Then there is an elaborate review of Mr. Isaac Taylor's 'Physical Theory of another Life'; another, the 'Exodi of the Jews and Greeks'—abstrusely learned and chronological, with much lighter matter, and a clever sketch of Lord Lyndhurst, by way of the illustration for the month.

The illustrations of the coming volume of the 'Friendship's Offering' are before us, ten in number. The subjects are all of them engraved with care and high finish. Mr. Wright's 'Maiden's Vow,' by Wrangmore, after Wright, is natural and pleasing. Mr. Jenkins gives us a clever figure of a bride reflected in her mirror, delicately engraved by H. Rolis; but surely she must be a mourning bride, as much in right of her pensive features as of her black velvet robe. Mr. Barrett's 'Early Morning'—need we further describe this as a composition of glowing sky, glittering water, gigantic trees, and ruined temples?—is well rendered by G. K. Richardson. By way of companion we have a slighter sketch of Oodipoor, by Purser, brilliantly engraved by Goodall. Mr. Hill's 'Trysting Time' is a wilful plagiarism from Parri's half-length of Lady Blessington. Mr. Penley's 'Rosina' is speaking, arch, and brilliant. On the whole, we think this the best series of illustrations to the 'Friendship's Offering' that we have seen.

It is needless to remind our readers that political news finds no trumpet in our columns; that ministers fall, and kings are dethroned, and we neither help nor hinder—nay, nor so much as announce events so important. Here, however, is a 'Protocol,' which has arrived by express, not to be neglected even by the *Athenæum*.

#### To the Publishers of the Comic Annual.

Gentlemen,—You ask me for an announcement of THE COMIC for 1857; but between ourselves and the post—now the foreign post—I have been meditating a Manifesto.

Politics are undeniably the standing orders of the time; but possibly the standing orders may now signify those classes who keep on their legs in the presence of the time; or sitting orders;—I mean to say, that politics are become, like Boniface's ale in the *Beaux Stratagem*, meat and drink, and everything. We eat politics in white-bait dinners, and quaff and sing them afterwards with hip, hip, hurra, and Huzzah. We dance politics—take hands, cast off, change sides, and some anti-ministerialists call loudly for a new set! We wear politics—e. g. white hats. We marry politics, and disenter at the same time. We baptize with politics, or at least call names. We wash our faces with politics—soap versus newspapers—and warm ourselves at them, in the shape of cheap Durham coal. We even laugh and groan politics, and cough them, in the Commons; and doubtless they will be introduced by us into sterneration, like a certain German patriot, who cannot sneeze without saying 'Perr-russia!'

Politics are part of our Foreign and Domestic Cookery;—we roast with them, fry, stew, broil, boil, and too often boil over with them; we curry and devil with them;—some persons cook a fine kettle of fish with them. Turkey is larded with politics, and they are potted in Greece.

Politics are staples of trade and manufactures, and agriculture is quite distressed by them. We export and import them; we sow them with corn, and harvest them with tithes; we spin them, hammer at them, forge them, and breed bulls with them. We live in them, and die by them. We load pistols with politics, and, in fact, can hardly walk twelve or fifteen paces without them. Private life becomes public. Parties invite people to politics, and people invite politics to parties. We travel with politics to the continental baths; we go to sea with them to the coast of Biscay, and return to port with them in Leith Harbour.

Have not politics separated our two Chambers, or, as the New Poor Laws (the very laws for bull-making Ireland) have done with England, divided them into unions? By the way, Barry—not Newtonbarry, but New-House Barry—is decidedly wrong in his design. A new style is requisite for a new order of things; but I shall perhaps submit a plan for a new building, all party-walls, in my next frontispiece.

Politics point pencils and steel pens; we draw them in caricatures, and paint them in party-colours, with predominant orange, green, and true blue. Nor are we without

some Black Masters. We write politics, and review with them; bards poetise, and other writers prose upon them; they stand for Attic salt, as well as colliery pepper and vinegar. Farces are made of politics, and, alas! tragedies of domestic interest; skeleton sermons are filled up with them; and neither novelists nor historians can tell tales without them. Philosophy has caught the influenza;—the whole Seven Seas are rolled into one, and he is—Bis.

Our very Colleges teach politics;—a little longer and our Free Schools and Unfree Schools will do the same; primers will be primed with them; Syntax will be mixed up with the Malt Tax; the parts of speech will be drawn from parts of speeches; and the rule of Kings, Lords, and Commons will be tried by the Rule of Three.

Such is the spirit of our age—the ticks of Time's clock are politics. I should not wonder to see all the heads in the National Portrait Gallery inclining to Whiggism, or without a wig amongst them;—nay, it would not astonish me to see even the lady-like Book of Beauty exhibiting its fascinating figures all drawn on one side.

It becomes a serious question, then—Ought not THE COMIC to have its barrel adapted as a political organ; and should not its Editor, heretofore only a merry-thought, become a sidesman?

Must I take, like the railway engineers, a decided line, or construct my literary passages, like those blind alleys, with their wall-eyes, that lead to nowhere at all?

THE COMIC ANNUAL itself shall answer the question; and you will have a hint of my designs, when I tell you that they will comprise casts of such popular and unpopular subjects as follow:—The Collision—The Peers, and their Treatment of Bills—Church Revenue—Corn Question—Poor Laws—Spain, its War and its Loan—Registration—Imprisonment for Debt—The Papal Bull—Municipal Reform—The Jew Bill—Railroads—Dissenters' Unions—Civil War—and Agricultural Pressures. As to the writing, I shall keep my own Council—whether it will incline to right or left, or be bolt upright. Perchance I may breathe my sentiments, like some stormy winds, from all quarters at once. And this Gentlemen, is all at present from your absent,—Most obedient, THOMAS HOOD.

Hamburg, 28th August, 1856.

In continuation of our last week's gossip concerning the arts in the provinces, we may notice that the Manchester amateurs are about to give the sum of 50,000*l.* for a collection of paintings by the Old Masters, which is to form the nucleus of a picture gallery there; the necessary funds to be raised in shares of 10*l.* each. This is princely. We hear, too, that Gibson's statue of Huskisson has arrived at Liverpool, and been consigned to its prison in the new cemetery—the building appointed for its reception being small, dark, and most unsightly.

#### DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

Will CLOSE for the Winter Season, on SATURDAY, the 2nd instant, TWO PICTURES, painted by Le Chevalier Bouton. The Subjects are, the INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF SANTA CRUCE, in Venice, and the VILLAGE OF ALAGNA, in Piedmont.—The new picture at the Diorama ought to be most popular, for, as a work of Art, it has hardly been equalled by any previous exhibition.—The much-admired Interior of Santa Croce.—*Athenæum*, March 19 & April 2. Open from 10 till 5.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

##### ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

This Evening, THE PACHA'S BRIDAL; with MISCHIEF-MAKING; and THE GABRIELLENZIE MAN.

The three major-minors—the Adelphi, Olympic, Saint James's, opened for the season on Thursday evening, and were all well attended. The first two indeed were crammed to suffocation. The late period of the week at which they commenced operations prevents our saying more than a very few words about them until next number. At the Adelphi there was one 'Novelty,' which was uproariously but doubtfully successful. There was however Mr. John Reeve, and this alone was enough to satisfy the Adelphi audience, which seemed to have caught cold, as it were, during his stay in America, for want of his warm and comfortable presence, and to welcome his return with proportionate earnestness. At the Olympic, besides two favourite old pieces in which the inimitable Liston appeared, there were two novelties—one highly successful, entitled 'Court Favour,' by Mr. Planché, the other a burletta (at the best) of extravagance and absurdity, which did not hit the fancy of the audience, and which, having made its appearance on Michaelmas day, was greeted to repletion with the 'compliments of the season.' The *Times* closes its observations upon it in these words, which have more felicity than civility about them:—"The curtain fell in dull oblivion upon the abortive attempt of the author."

At the St. James's there were three novelties; one highly successful, by that clever author 'Boz,' one more moderately so, in which Mr. Harley had the principal character, and one most moderately so, in which Mr. Parry, jun. made his first appearance on any stage. More of these next week.

#### MISCELLANEA

*M. de Hugel.*—The Baron de Hugel, who undertook a scientific voyage to the East Indies and New Holland, has just sent a considerable collection of animals, plants, and minerals to Vienna. Among them is an herbarium of 3000 species of plants from New Zealand, Swan River, &c. The last news received from M. de Hugel left him at Cashmere.

*Guttenberg.*—The illustrious inventor of printing is to have a monument erected to his memory, in his native city of Strasbourg. The celebrated sculptor David, of Paris, is to make the model, in honour of Guttenberg, and nothing but the bronze is to be subscribed for; the labour and design are presented by the generous artist, with whom such honourable actions are by no means rare.

*Vesuvius.*—Another eruption of Vesuvius is daily expected, but this mountain ceases to be as formidable as it used to be; its cone sinks very fast, and has diminished more than 300 feet during the last twenty years.

*Improvements in the Royal Library at Paris.*—The Cabinet of Medals and Antiquities attached to this library is open every Tuesday and Friday to the public—an example worthy of imitation in our National Museum. There is a superb collection of ancient bronzes, as well as articles in silver, found at Berthouville in 1830. Eight complete suits of French armour have also been added, among which is that worn by Henry II., remarkable for its silver incrustations of the most exquisite workmanship, and the coats of Henry IV., Sully, and the young Duke of Burgundy. Some objects recently bought at the sale of the celebrated antiquary Durand, including a beautiful candelabrum of bronze, and an Etruscan figure of the highest antiquity, are to be found in this collection. A portion of the Durand vases was purchased by the British Museum, but the rarer and more valuable objects are understood to have been secured by the French Government.

*Junction of the Seine and the Marne.*—A letter from St. Dizier says, that a project is on foot for the purpose of effecting a junction with the Seine and Marne. Operations with the view of carrying this plan into effect have already been commenced between Langres and Gray. The difficulties which the territory was supposed to present are found to be not so great as was imagined.

*New Mineral Spring.*—A new mineral spring has been lately discovered at Roshcim, between Strasbourg and Schelesbad, which is peculiarly interesting, from its containing principles never before found in any mineral water—viz. sulphate and carbonate of lithine.

*Falling Stars.*—An anonymous correspondent communicates the following curious passage to the French Academy of Sciences, almost copied from a Latin chronicle of Baldrick, printed at Leipzig in 1807, which adds another testimony concerning the occurrences of the phenomenon of falling stars.—"Already before the council of Clermont, the stars had announced the movement [progress?] of christianity, for innumerable eyes in France saw them fall from heaven, as thick as hail, on the 25th of April, 1095."

*Russian Agricultural School.*—The directing senate of Russia, in consequence of an order from the Emperor, has founded an agricultural school on one of the estates of the crown, and in the government of Mohiloff. This school is divided into two sections; in the first, the pupils are to study three years, in order to be capable of executing or advancing any plan proposed for the improvement of rural economy. The second is destined to the education of practical farmers, who, by means of their extensive knowledge, may be able to direct the farming of the great estates, and to introduce the improvements of which they themselves form the plan. The school is to be furnished with a collection of agricultural tools, both Russian and foreign, and either of the proper size or as models. The pupils will all be taught to make the various tools and machines which are used in the establishment, or which are required for sale.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our answers to correspondents are unavoidably deferred.

*Erratum.*—The sum received by the Manchester Festival Committee was 17,000*l.*, and not 11,000*l.* as stated last week.



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